

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1846.

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As it is anticipated that Governesses especially will be anxious to contribute their mite, a separate list is prepared, from one

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Applications to be addressed to the Secretary, on or before 31st

Glasgow, 25th June, 1846. MUDIE MACARA, Secretary.

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THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—The Public is respectfully informed that an engagement has been concluded with the celebrated Brussels Opera Company, which will make its first appearance on Wednesday, the 15th of July, in Meyerbeer's celebrated Opera, "LES HUGUENOTS." It is respectfully announced that the representations cannot exceed eighteen.

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Peru: Sketches of Travels in the Years 1838-1842.—[*Peru. Reise-skizzen u. s. w.*] By J. J. von Tschudi. 2 vols. St. Gallen, Scheitlin und Zollikofer. London, Williams & Norgate.

THE writer of these volumes is well known in Germany by his contributions to Peruvian zoology. In his preface, he disclaims the intention of adding to the list of "romances of travel"; and, accordingly, writes more of Peru than of himself, giving notices rather of the beasts, birds and fishes of the country than of the breakfasts he consumed there. Yet, his devotion to scientific pursuits did not entirely withdraw his attention from the social circumstances of the Peruvians; of which he gives a portraiture on the whole unfavourable, but too true. In this part of his work there is little novelty; for life in Peru is but a copy of life in Mexico,—having all the low and sordid features of Spanish colonization. A mind disposed towards a hopeless view of human affairs may find motives for such a tendency in South America. Over all its splendid natural scenery man's errors have cast their shadows. The memorials here and there scattered of the Incas' dominion, and the equally melancholy relics of a transitory civilization produced by the schemes of the Jesuits,—the low and stationary condition of society among the Spaniards and Creoles of Lima,—the mines of natural wealth doing so little for man's elevation,—the various tribes of degraded Indians whose chief solace is found in the narcotic coca-plant,—all furnish sad observations for the mind disposed to dream of man as he ought to be.

Our author devotes, we think, too much of his space to Lima; with which preceding travellers have made us well acquainted. Here are some of his observations on the fair Limanese:—

The fair Limeña rises at a late hour, dresses her hair with jasmine and orange-flowers, and waits for breakfast. After this, she receives her visitors and pays her visits. During the heat of the day her solace is a swing in her hammock, or a cigar. After dinner, she visits her friends; and the day is concluded in the theatre, the great square, or on the bridge. But few ladies employ themselves in needlework or netting, though some are very expert in these arts. In society such work is never introduced—happy city, where we may meet with ladies not knitting stockings! * * * The pride with which the ladies of Lima cherish their tiny feet can hardly be exaggerated. Whether they walk, or stand, or swing in the hammock, or recline on the sofa, their principal care is to keep their pretty feet in view. No praise of their virtue, their intelligence, or even their beauty, will flatter them so sweetly as a commendation of their delicate feet. A great foot (*patata inglesa*,—"an English paw," as they say,) is their horror. I once heard the praises of a fair European from some ladies in Lima; but they ended with the words, *pero que pie! valgame Dios! parece una lancha!*—"but what a foot! Heavens! 'tis like a great boat!"—yet the foot in question would have been reckoned of a moderate size in Europe. * * * At a certain age, the ladies of Lima generally make a great change in their mode of life. Their bloom is gone, and they no longer charm; or, satiated with the pleasures of an unchastened life, they leave the world, devote themselves to religion, and become so-called "*Beatas*." They must attend church twice or thrice daily; confess, at least, once in the week; retire for penance during passion-week; send delicate luxuries to their confessor, or a calash to carry him when he is not disposed to walk; and in many other ways expose their sanctity as a spectacle. This seeming piety, far removed from everything like a sincere devotion, is so much more disgusting as it is generally accompanied by a bitter and uncharitable humour. These devout ladies, having renounced all other

pleasures, enjoy the more keenly the luxury of scandal,—and turn their venomous stings against their neighbours; so that the "*Beatas*" may be reckoned the most dangerous class of society in Lima.

Of all the inhabitants of Lima, according to our author's observations, the lowest are the free negroes; and he seems disposed to ascribe their faults rather to their organization than to their circumstances. But what can be expected of the lower classes, where the higher can find no better recreation than brutal bull-fights,—patronized in Lima, as in the Sierra, on a scale of cruelty far exceeding that of Madrid? It is well known, that the pleasantness of the climate of Lima is counterbalanced by the frequency of its earthquakes; and the very transitory moral effects of these most awful of Nature's outbreaks might furnish a good hint to some who are disposed to exaggerate the use of fear as a moral influence. Deep-seated and rational veneration is a power widely different from the mere animal terror which may be excited by an earthquake or a thunder-storm.

But we must leave Lima; and notice our author's travels in the Peruvian Cordilleras and the Sierra. There is some indistinctness among geographers with regard to the Andes and the Cordilleras. In the time of the Incas, both these mountain-chains were called by one name, "*Riti-suyu*,"—meaning "the snow-region." As the principal tribe of the old inhabitants of Peru had their dwellings along the base of the eastern chain, and explored its hoards of metal, our author conjectures that the name, Andes, took its rise from "*Anta*," the Guichua word for metal; and proposes that the western chain shall be distinguished as the Cordilleras. The Creoles of Peru, however, use the two names indiscriminately. Between these two lines of mountain-peaks lie vast and scarcely-inhabited plains, at an elevation of 12,000 feet above the sea-level. These highlands of South America are styled, in the native language, the "*Puna*,"—meaning uninhabited parts. In some districts, the Puna extends as an unbroken plain from the Cordilleras to the Andes; in other parts, it is intersected with deep valleys,—which, of course, enjoy a climate far warmer than that of the highlands. These valleys are termed by the Peruvians "*the Sierra*,"—but it should be noticed, that the people of Lima give that name also to the whole interior of Peru. Whether the traveller contrasts these temperate valleys with the sultry coast, or with the bleak and inhospitable islands of Peru, he is equally charmed when he first beholds them,—and readily adopts the expression of an old traveller (Bouguer), who called the Sierra "*an earthly paradise*." The Puna, though bleak, and favoured with but a scanty vegetation, is the abode of the principal quadrupeds of Peru,—the llama and its relatives the alpaca, the huanaco, and the vicuña. Over these plains, and the peaks of the Andes, the condor hovers in search of its prey. Our traveller confirms the statements of Humboldt and others,—sadly toning down the old marvellous stories which tell of the size and power of this bird. The span of its extended wings sometimes reaches twelve feet. Its general food is carrion; though, when urged by hunger, it will seize the young of sheep, vicuñas and llamas; but it cannot rise with a weight of more than eight or ten pounds. The huts of the Indians on the Puna are wretched and filthy; and there is nothing to repay the traveller who visits this lonely and drear region, save a scientific interest, or a delight in Nature's wildest scenes. But when he has passed over the elevated plain of Bombon, and gains a glimpse of Cerro de Pasco, he feels that he is again approaching the abodes of civilization. It is but a sordid civi-

lization, however: the love of silver has collected, in a dreary clime bordering on the eternal snow, the men of various nations,—Spaniards, Germans, Englishmen, Swedes, Americans and Italians. The first glimpse of a considerable town in such a region is a pleasure and surprise; but little is found, on a nearer approach, to please the eye. The beauty of the place is subterraneous—in its rich silver mines. Many a tale of wild speculation belongs to this remarkable town. Gambling is the favourite amusement. The Indians employed in the mines of Cerro de Pasco are among the most degraded inhabitants of Peru. Our traveller relates some stories of the faculty of secretiveness, as developed among these natives, who have been made the slaves of European rapacity. We cannot decide on the probability of these tales; but instances as striking are recorded of the Indians of Mexico:—

The Indians have discovered that their silver-mines have made their condition rather worse than better. They determine, therefore, to keep secret their knowledge of some rich veins of silver not yet explored by Europeans. Traditions of these mines have been handed down, it is supposed, from father to son, through centuries. Even brandy, which will open the Indian's mouth on any other subject, fails in this case. A few years ago, there lived, in the large village of Huancayo, the brothers Don Jose and Don Pedro Irriarte,—who were among the wealthiest mine-proprietors of Peru. As they had reason to suspect the existence of rich unexplored veins among the neighbouring hills, they sent out a young man in their employ to examine the country, and use the likeliest means of discovery. Accordingly, he repaired to a village where he found lodgings in the hut of an Indian shepherd,—from whom he concealed his object. In the course of a few months, an attachment had grown up between the young adventurer and the shepherd's daughter; and, at last, the young man succeeded so far in his object as to win from the girl a promise that she would point out to him the mouth of a rich silver-mine. She directed him to follow her, at some distance, on a certain day when she should go out to tend her flock on the hills; and to notice where she dropped her "*manta*," (a woollen shawl). There, she told him, he would find the entrance of the mine. The young agent obeyed her directions; and after some digging, found his way into a moderately deep shaft, which led to a rich vein of silver. He was busily engaged in breaking off some specimens of the ore, when he was surprised by the old shepherd, who congratulated him on the discovery, and offered assistance. After working together for some hours, they rested; and the Indian offered to the young man a cup of *chicha*, which he drank. Soon after drinking, he felt unwell; and, as a suspicion of being poisoned flashed upon his mind, he instantly packed the specimens of ore in his wallet, hastened back to the village, and thence rode to Huancayo. He had only time to explain his adventure to his employers, and point out, as well as he could, the locality of the mine; for he died in the night. Another exploring party was immediately sent into the neighbourhood, but without success; the Indian and his family had vanished from the place, and no trace of the mine could be discovered.

Another story is the following:—

A certain Franciscan monk, a passionate gambler, lived at Huancayo. By his friendly offices, he had become a favourite among the Indians; to whom he often applied when in want of money. One day, when he had suffered losses at the hazard-table, he begged of an Indian, who was his relative, to help him out of his poverty. The Indian promised assistance on the following evening; and arrived punctually at the appointed time, with a bag full of silver-ore for the monk. This process was repeated several times; until the still needy monk earnestly prayed that he might be favoured with a view of the source from which his wants had been so often supplied. This request also was granted by the friendly relative: and, accordingly, on the appointed night, three Indians came to the house of the Franciscan,—de-

said that he would allow them to bandage his eyes, —and, he assenting, carried him away, on their shoulders, some miles among the mountains. There, they lifted him down,—conducted him down a shaft of little depth,—and displayed to him a rich and shining vein of silver. When he had amply feasted his sight, and had taken ore enough for his present necessities, his eyes were again bandaged, and he was carried home on the shoulders of his guides. On the road, he silyly untied his rosary; and dropped a bead here and there, that he might have a clue to the mine. Arrived at home, he lay down to rest, in the comfortable hope of exploring the path to wealth on the following day; but, in the course of about two hours, the Indian, his relative, came to the door, with his hand full of beads—"Father," said he, as he gave them to the monk, "you lost your rosary on the road!"

A short extract from the traveller's journal will give some notion of the climate and character of the Puna:—

I had now reached the high plain, 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. On each side rose the peaks of the Cordilleras clothed in eternal ice—gigantic pyramids towering into the heavens. It seemed to me as if nature, on these snowy plains of the Cordilleras, breathed out her last breath. Here life and death met together; and I seemed to be arrived at the boundary-line between being and annihilation. On which side would my lot fall? I could not guess. How little life had the sun awakened around me; where the dull-green puna-grass, hardly the height of a finger, mingled its hue with the mountain glaciers! Yet here I saluted with pleasure, as old friends, the purple-blue *gentiana* and the brown *calceolaria*. * * As I rode further, life awakened in richer variety around me: animals and birds appeared,—few in species, but rich in individuals. Herds of vicuñas approached me,—then fled away with the speed of the wind. I saw, in the distance, quiet troops of huancacs gazing suspiciously at me, and passing along. * * I had ridden on for several hours, observing the varieties of life in this elevated plain, when I came upon a dead mule which had been left here by its driver to die of hunger and cold. As I approached the carcass, three condors rose from their perch; and hovered, for a while, in narrowing circles round my head, as if threatening punishment for the interruption. It was now two o'clock in the afternoon, and I had ridden on a gradual ascent since the break of day. My panting mule slackened his pace, and seemed unwilling to toil up an elevation which lay in my route. I dismounted; and, to relieve the beast and exercise my limbs, began walking at a rapid pace. But, in a short time, the rarity of the air began to be felt; and I experienced an oppressive sensation which I had never known before.

I stood still, that I might breathe more freely; but there was no support in the thin air. I tried to walk; but an indescribable distress compelled me to halt again. My heart throbbed audibly against my side; my breathing was short and interrupted; a world's load seemed laid upon my chest; my lips were blue and parched, and the small vessels of my eyelids were bursting. Then, my senses were leaving me: I could neither see, hear, nor feel distinctly; a grey mist was floating before my eyes,—tinged, at times, with red, when the blood gathered on my eyelids. In short, I felt myself involved in that strife between life and death, which I had before imagined in surrounding nature. My head became giddy, and I was compelled to lie down. If all the riches of the world or the glories of heaven had been but a hundred feet higher, I could not have stretched out my hand towards them. I lay in this half-senseless condition for some time,—until rest had so far restored me that I could mount my mule. One of the Puna storms now suddenly gathered, and the snow began to fall heavily. The sun looked out at intervals,—but only for a moment. My mule could scarcely wade through the increasing snow. Night was coming on; I had lost all feeling in my feet, and could hardly hold the reins in my benumbed fingers. I was about to yield myself up for lost, when I observed an overhanging rock sheltering a cave. I hastened to explore the spot,—and found there a shelter from the wind. I unsaddled the mule, and made a bed of my cloak and trappings. After tying the animal to a stone, I appeased my hunger with roasted maize and cheese,

and lay down to sleep. But scarcely had my eyes closed, when an intolerable burning pain in the eyelids awakened me. There was no more hope of sleep. The hours of the night seemed endless. When I reckoned that day must be breaking, I opened my eyes, and discovered all the misery of my situation. A human corpse had served as my pillow. Shuddering, I hastened out of the cave, to saddle my mule and leave this dismal place: but the good beast was lying dead upon the ground;—in his hunger, he had eaten, as it appeared, the poisonous *garbancillo*. Poor beast! he had shared some hard adventures with me. I turned again towards the cave. The sun had risen upon this frozen world; and, encouraged by signs of light and life around me, I ventured to inspect the body of my lifeless companion. It was the corpse of a half-Indian; and several deadly wounds in the head explained that he had been murdered by the slings of Indian robbers, who had taken away his clothes. I seized my gun, and shot a mountain-hare,—which served for breakfast; then waited for help. It was near noon when I heard a monotonous, short cry, now and then breaking the stillness. Recognizing the tones, I mounted on the nearest point of rock; and, looking down, discovered the two Indian llama-drivers whom I had met on the previous day. I hastened to them; and persuaded them, by the gift of a little tobacco, to leave one of their llamas with me, to carry my baggage.

The people of the Sierra are noted for hospitality and some other peculiarities. The least favourable feature in their disposition is their love of carousals,—where brandy flows too freely for anything like "the feast of reason." The superstitious burlesque of Christianity among the Indians—of which our author gives an account that we should hardly dare to quote—is of the same nature with the performances of the Mexican Indians. Among the least profane of their grotesque theatricals, is the following custom:—

On Palm Sunday, an image of Christ, seated upon an ass, and followed by the foal, is led through the town. The Indians strew palm-branches in the way; and fight with each other for the honour of spreading their garments to be trodden upon by the ass. The creature is destined to this service from its birth,—and must never bear any other burden. It is, indeed, almost esteemed holy, and styled the "*Burra de Nuestro Señor*." I have seen such favoured animals, in some villages, so fat that they could scarcely walk.

The writer devotes a chapter to describe the lonely, Crusoe-like, mode of life which the naturalist must lead when he explores the vast forests of Peru. He gives, too, a long account of the universal use of the coca-plant among the Indians; and, strange to say, recommends the use of this powerful narcotic, as a relief for severe toil and hunger, to European seamen engaged in such services as the Arctic Expedition.

As in many German books of travels, we notice an occasional want of conciseness and precision:—but the volumes are interesting, and contain useful contributions towards the natural history of Peru.

A Year and a Day in the East; or, Wanderings over Land and Sea. By Mrs. Eliot Montauban. Longman & Co.

Nine-tenths of the contents of this book are valueless commonplaces; and the other tenth is divided between pleasant triflings and whimsical descriptions. Mrs. Montauban does not seem to be one of those whose "weak minds" (to use one of her own very new pleasantries,) will be "astonished" by the uttermost plainness of criticism; and she will heroically bear to hear that there is enough of new matter in her 'Year and a Day' to furnish forth a couple of magazine papers—but not to fill a volume. We shall not pretend to trace her route; simply giving an extract or two which may amuse the general reader. The first is seasonal in these days,—

when Waghorn is rapidly becoming a name of power as potent, in his way, as that of Rowland Hill or of Watt, or Stephenson, or Wheatstone with his preternatural powers of conversation.

"We left Cairo in a small desert van, engaging the four places therein for our own accommodation, and fortunately we were enabled to secure the services of the best European driver at that time employed by the Transit Company. He curbed the spirit of four wild Arab horses with great skill, and was remarkably attentive and obliging. We arrived at Station No. 2, in two hours and a half, a distance of twenty miles. The throats of three more than half-starved chickens were immediately cut, in honour of our arrival, and a scanty supply of bad potatoes boiled; impenetrable sea-biscuits were substituted for bread, which were only eatable when steeped in hot water. The drinking-water was most repulsive in appearance and taste. The beds were dirty, and consisted of one mattress over a hard board. Pillows were considered a superfluous luxury; and some reluctance was manifested to indulge us with sheets. No. 2., in addition to stables and kitchen, has four small rooms for refectory and sleeping, partly fitted up with divans. At seven o'clock the following morning we started for Station No. 4., twenty miles distant, and reached it at eleven. We remained at this, the centre station, nearly three hours. It is very superior to the other resting-places in the Desert, and possesses seven small apartments, as neatly arranged as any sleeping-room in the hotel at Cairo; there are also dining and drawing-rooms. The breakfast consisted of fresh-killed tough chickens and bad water. At half-past one we arrived at the sixth station, twenty miles from No. 4. The beds here were a second edition of those at No. 2., with the addition of bugs in abundance, and swarms of mosquitoes: and the water worse than before, equally offensive to the organs of smell and taste. As usual, skeleton chickens were provided for our repast, to the great discomfort of the inner man. After sleeping at No. 6, we re-commenced our journey the following morning. Suez was distant twenty-four miles, and these were accomplished in four hours and a half. Only two small trees are to be met with in the Desert—a space of 84 miles—one of which is decorated with, and consecrated to, the rags of the pious pilgrims who cross the sandy and rocky waste over which we passed; they en route to Mecca, we to a less holy shrine. The tree is thickly covered with pendent fragments of the well-worn garments of countless pilgrims, deposited there in memory of their desert journey. The only remarkable sights en route are numerous skeletons of camels bleaching in the sun, and occasional heaps of stones, covering the remains of the wild warriors of the Desert, who have perished in battle; a few weeds scattered here and there; barren rocks in the distance, and a vast plain of sand. The mirage was beautiful; sometimes assuming the appearance of a harbour, at others of a lake, reflecting various objects in the vicinity on its surface. At night the profound and solemn stillness was only broken by the occasional sound of the cricket. We encountered a party of armed Bedouins on the third day's journey, a fine-looking set of powerful men: thanks to the Pacha they are no longer seen with dread by the traveller in the Desert. The camels that bear the boxes containing the Indian mail, and those that are laden with the baggage of the passengers, are never unloaded between Cairo and Suez; a short halt at the station houses, and a trifling supply of food, is all their kind masters vouchsafe to these hard-worked animals. The horses employed in the transit vans are very badly broken in, sometimes quite ungovernable, and are evidently over-worked and ill-fed; small, thin, wretched looking animals, but fiery and fleet-footed: they are purchased at about 10*l*. each; and two hundred and fifty were in the stables of the Transit Company when we were at Cairo. They are fed on beans, barley, and chaff, no hay being procurable in Egypt. One hundred camels were in use, and thirty or more vans, for the conveyance of passengers. These are little better than English carts covered with wax cloth—the roughest conveyance over the hardest road in the world. Part of the desert track—for road, properly speaking, there is none—is sandy; the largest portion hard, rocky, and

any. The bones and camels we met. Rats carcasses of camels skeletons of the big points, and traveller. Of not one crossed the solemn desert the two night oppressive. T the winter days tracing. The about mid-day: wear warm cloth thick green velvet are resorted to their eyes from ally, travellers; comedians; now so much the overland journey. For the best Martha Penn police all the or two specimens have amused. * Worthy the greatest such special compl on the 20th I merciful God regained the s with greatest I constant pra and depend on Since 1837, I the Bheel com paign at Gwal state of condi purposes. I a system adopte to the troops fight commen servants, but danger. I res ment and co have observed Three times gain cheap, lock, his hor tleman's durk your doing ar right towards etical God pla Sir, "My Mast thoughts in today before spoke great d answered me that kindness But to think I always pray enlighten you of Heaven, there may be place for se Father mark General J.'s I will be like heart. And persons not are few like palatable fee The last, ninth. Or thesis can aim a volu wanderings the stales

The Histo Mac No Ireland, the Rover ton, Esq

mony. The only living animals we saw were the horses and camels belonging to the party of Bedouins we met. Rats are occasionally seen feasting on the carcasses of camels that perish by the way; and the skeletons of these unfortunate animals act as directing posts, and indicate the line of march to the traveller. Of the feathered inhabitants of the air not one crossed our path during the whole journey. The solemn death-like stillness that prevailed during the two nights we passed in the Desert was almost oppressive. The mornings and evenings were cold as winter days at home; the air keen, dry, and bracing. The sharpness of the atmosphere ceases about mid-day; but even in the sunshine it is needful to wear warm clothing. The glare is intense; and thick green veils, and spectacles of the same colour, are resorted to by all passengers anxious to preserve their eyes from every noxious influence. Occasionally, travellers may be seen crossing the Desert on donkeys; but these and donkey chairs are not now so much in vogue as during the earlier days of the overland journey."

For the benefit of such as have imagined that Martha Penny and her area companions monopolize all the Mala-propriety, we shall give one or two specimens of East Indian English which have amused us:—

"Worthy Master, Worthyst Protector,—With the greatest submission, humbly beg to present respectful compliments to your honor, and to state that on the 20th May last, cholera attacked on me, but merciful God escaped me from the accident, as yet not regained the strength, and hope my worthy master with greatest pleasure, prosperous and good health! I constant practice to hard work, and to keep honest and depend on everything to our Heavenly Father. Since 1837, I am marching with the corps, all round the Bheel country, Afghanistan, and the late campaign at Gwalior, whereby I become perfectly ruinous state of condition, by every means I am out of all purposes. I am sorry to bring to your notice, the system adopted by me, on happening in very close to the troops at Maharajahpore, at the moment the fight commenced, is prosperous on any way to private servants, but Almighty God preserved from that danger. I resolved myself to be aside. The government and commander-in-chief much applauded to have observed the good conduct of this regiment. Three times rain fallen at this place, but too hot, pain cheap, very little sick. B— now a good luck, his honesty daily increasing, often uses gentleman's durbar. H. M. is going with a pension, all your doing and kind, not only that, but favourable light towards many people in the world. Pray merciful God place you on deserving seat.—Honoured Sir, Your most humble Servant, R. G."

"My Master,—I have the pleasure to declare my thoughts in regard to you, and General J. Sir yesterday before day while I was in your house, and spoke great deal about my circumstance to you, you answered me that perhaps you are unthankful, with that kindness what I and the General have shown. But to think so Sir, it is almost unnecessary, because I always pray to my Heavenly Father, that he may enlighten you and General J.'s bodies, like the angels of Heaven, and may teach and prosper you, so that there may be no more need that I may go any other place for search of anything. If my Heavenly Father make me successful in receiving your and General J.'s kindness, I have hope in a few days then I will be like a garden to cheer you and the General's heart. And you have spoken, that I have seen many persons not like you. It is right, and I think there are few like me. Sir my love to your amiable and pitiable feet for ever. Your poor affectionate, R."

The last, it will be admitted, is fair magazine mirth. On no other than the spinning-out hypothesis can we understand why sixty pages of so slim a volume should have been given up to wanderings in France, Italy and Germany, of the stalest possible quality.

DUFFY'S LIBRARY OF IRELAND.

The History of the Irish Volunteers. By T. Mac Nevin, Esq.—*The Ballad Poetry of Ireland.* Edited by C. G. Duffy, Esq.—*Rody the Rover; or, the Ribbonman.* By W. Carleton, Esq.—*The Life of Aodh O'Neill, called*

by the English, Hugh, Earl of Tyrone. By J. Mitchel, Esq.—*Parra Sashta; or, the History of Paddy Go-Easy.* By W. Carleton, Esq.—*The Songs of Ireland.* Edited by M. J. Barry, Esq.—*Literary and Historical Essays.* By the late T. Davis, Esq.—*Gallery of Irish Writers.* By T. D'Arcy M'Gee, Esq.—*The Casket of Irish Pearls.* Edited by T. Mac Mahon, Esq.—*The Poets and Dramatists of Ireland.* By D. F. Mac Carthy, Esq. Simpkin & Co.

We have noticed three or four of the volumes included in this series separately;—and have not withheld praise from the vigorous pictures of peasant life drawn by Carleton, nor censure from the absurd bombast which Mitchel has given for history. The merits of the volumes are, indeed, as diversified as their subjects: the authors and editors have practically "repealed the union" in the series. Their objects have been two-fold:—to diffuse knowledge at a cheap rate among the people of Ireland;—and to excite a feeling of exclusive nationality. The latter purpose has been so far allowed to predominate over the former, as to lead the writers into frequent misapprehension of facts, and consequent misstatements. Two of these are reproduced in almost every volume of the series:—it is assumed that Ireland acquired nationality and a national parliament by the exertions of the volunteers in 1782; and the memory of Swift is hallowed by the associated writers as that of a genuine Irish patriot. These are such serious errors that we deem it necessary to bestow a few words on their exposure.

To begin with Swift:—he was born and educated in Ireland; but was not Irish in his heart, principles, or conduct. Into the history of his private life we need not enter. The names of Varina, Stella, and Vanessa, are too well known to require more than a passing allusion to their fate. But his public career was that of an English party-writer. When disappointed of preferment by Godolphin and the Whigs, he turned the stream of popularity against them, and for a time guided the mass of public opinion in England. During this period, he never spoke of Ireland but in terms of contempt and hatred. His avowed object was to obtain some piece of preferment in England, which would obviate the necessity of his returning to a country regarded by him as a place of exile. Disappointed by the death of Queen Anne,—spurned by Sir Robert Walpole, for whom he would have again abandoned party,—he became the parasite of royal mistresses; but discovered, too late, that they were destitute of political influence. In Ireland, his object was to be revenged on Sir Robert Walpole: his exertions were against the minister, not for the country. In the affair of Wood's copper coinage, he prevented a beneficial improvement, which had received the sanction of Sir Isaac Newton: and in his recommendation of Irish manufactures, he appealed to prejudices rather than principles. He was a supporter of the infamous Penal Code,—which he commends as a sound system of policy, in his letter on the Sacramental Test; and his only complaint on the subject was, that Presbyterians were not included in its disqualifications as well as Papists. If such be the model that Young Ireland chooses for patriotism, we shall be a little astonished to find Old Ireland submit to its teaching.

The "Volunteers" sought nothing for the Irish people; they merely grasped at power for the ascendancy. On looking over the lists of the officers in the "independent companies," as they were called, it will be found that most of them were the men who subsequently exhibited the most rancorous hostility to the Irish people, in 1798. To keep for

themselves what they had won from England, they became masters of Orange lodges and commanders of Orange yeomanry. Those who were the most violent in the assertion of nationality,—the leaders of Flood's party in opposition to Grattan,—were also the most vindictive in the maintenance of Catholic exclusion. To compare the lists of nationalists and persecutors is simply to establish their almost perfect identity. Young Ireland might as well call a Mohammedan ascendancy in India a Hindú nationality, as a Protestant ascendancy an Irish nationality. Indeed, this absurd blunder has actually been perpetrated in one of the fantastic articles on the Sikh war which appeared in the columns of the *Nation*; and, to mend the matter, a Mohammedan grace was gravely quoted as a war-cry.

The "Volunteers" obtained the independence of the Irish Parliament, and secured for their ascendancy the exclusive possession of that Parliament. This is the beginning and end of what was called their "nationality;" and as well might the French in Algiers, the Turks in Greece, or the Jagatays in Delhi, claim to be a "nationality." It was the nationality of a garrison in a conquered country,—a nationality, perhaps, intelligible to Young Ireland, but certainly not to any other human being.

An equally unintelligible nationality is asserted in 'The Casket of Irish Pearls,' and 'The Poets and Dramatists of Ireland.' Most of the writers claimed as Irish are English in descent, language, thought, feeling, and association. Congreve was not even born in Ireland; Steele was not educated there; many of the others left their country in boyhood,—all wrote for an English taste, and addressed themselves to an English public. The editor gravely calls attention to the profound discovery that English literature is "composite;" meaning, thereby, that many of its standard works have been written by Irish, Scotch, Welsh, or American authors. But is not every literature under the sun composite? Does he imagine that all the Latin writers were natives of Latium, or that all the Greek authors were born within the precincts of Hellas? Phædrus was a Macedonian, —Lucan, Seneca, and Martial were Spaniards, —and Claudian was an Egyptian. Never, until the days of Young Ireland, was the nationality of a literature determined by the mere accident of birth. In the volumes before us, the writings of Davis are essentially English in their style, their form, and, for the most part, in their sentiment. His language is most purely Saxon when his feelings are most strongly excited. The only un-English writer in the series is Mr. Mitchel; and he has manufactured a language of his own from the worst parts of Macpherson's 'Ossian.'

We are anxious for the diffusion of useful knowledge among the Irish people; and believe that this series might be of great value in promoting such an object, had not its utility been limited—if not absolutely defeated—by this chimera of exclusive nationality. In politics, it has led the writers to set up oppressors as patriots; in literature, to reject their teachers and models as aliens. They are forced, in spite of themselves, to trade upon false pretences,—and to do so with ample materials for making their means as noble as their object. The Essays of Davis and the Tales of Carleton, though not wholly free from exceptionable passages, are, on the whole, works which deserve, and we trust, will receive, a wide circulation. Davis was intensely national, without ceasing to be universal. His sympathies were as enlarged as his tastes. He had a southern imagination and a northern judgment. "He died before he came to his fame." He had contem-

plated great things; but had only begun to calculate the proportions between means and ends when he sank into an early grave. Had his life been spared, he would not long have given up to party what was meant for mankind. His Essays exhibit a struggle for deliverance from fetters which were self-imposed. His character of Carleton will aptly introduce our notice of that gentleman's latest contribution to this series:—

"Carleton is the historian of the peasantry rather than a dramatist. The fiddler and piper, the seanachie and seer, the matchmaker and dancing-master, and a hundred characters besides, are here brought before you, moving, acting, playing, plotting, and gossiping! You are never wearied by an inventory of wardrobes, as in short English descriptive fictions; yet you see how every one is dressed; you hear the honey brogue of the maiden, and the downy voice of the child, the managed accents of flattery or traffic, the shrill tones of woman's fretting, and the troubled gush of man's anger. The moory upland and the corn slopes, the glen where the rocks jut through mantling heather, and bright brooks gurgle amid the scented banks of wild herbs, the shivering cabin and the rudely-lighted farm-house are as plain in Carleton's pages as if he used canvas and colours with a skill varying from Wilson and Poussin, to Teniers and Wilkie. But even in these sketches, his power of external description is not his greatest merit. Born and bred among the people—full of their animal vehemence—skilled in their sports—as credulous and headlong in boyhood, and as fitful and varied in manhood, as the wildest—he had felt with them, and must ever sympathise with them. Endowed with the highest dramatic genius, he has represented their love and generosity, their wrath and negligence, their crimes and virtues, as a hearty peasant—not a note-taking critic."

The history of 'Paddy Go-Easy' is the most truly educational work in this series. Carleton exposes with equal power and truth the peculiar characteristics of Irish indolence. Unfortunately, too many originals could be found for the portraits of Paddy's father and mother, in many farm-houses in Ireland:—

"When his father, for instance, got up in the morning, the first thing he did was to go to the fire that had been raked over night, and turning aside the greeshaugh with the *muddhia bristhia*, or wooden tongs, which consisted of a piece of stick broken near the middle, so as to allow one side to be about three or four inches longer than the other, and taking a half-burnt turf by the end, crush his pipe against it, and thus commence the proper business of the day. His wife, on the other hand, no sooner got out of her bed, than she planted herself on her hunkers at the aforesaid fire, and lifting a coal in the tongs, that is, about half way up near the centre of it, sat there applying it to her pipe, which she sucked with a degree of earnestness and zeal that did her honour; her head all the time leant a little to the one side, to betoken the pure luxury of her enjoyment. From this until the hour of going to bed the said pipe was mostly in the jaws of either one or other of them; for at that period there was never more than one pipe used in a family at the same time. This was generally a *dudeen*, or short cutty pipe, which circulated from hand to hand, like the old Irish meter that went much in the same cleanly way from mouth to mouth."

A full-length portrait of Paddy himself will, we have no doubt, be recognized in half the country parishes of Ireland:—

"Paddy's dress maintained its early character to the last, no two parts of it being either good or bad at the same time. He always wore a grey frieze great coat, which, big as we have described him to be, was much too large for him. This coat always hung off one of his shoulders, and he has been sometimes known to twist up that shoulder with some remote intention of raising the collar to its proper place; but during his whole life no one ever could observe that he put his hand to it for that purpose. His shirt, which was no great shakes as a pattern either in cleanliness or make, he always wore open about the throat, exposing his broad red

sunburnt breast, except of a Sunday, when he thrust a large corker pin transversely across the neck of it, which stuck up, stiff as leather, about his ears, giving him more the appearance of a thief looking out of the pillory than anything else we can now remember. And indeed he himself felt conscious that he was by no means at large on those occasions, nor in a capacity to enjoy a competent share of civil freedom so long as he was thus a prisoner in his own shirt. For this reason, then, no sooner was Mass over of a Sunday, or at least that limited portion of its conclusion which was the most that ever fell to his share, and he returning home, than he took the pin out, and thrusting it into his cuff, pursued his journey home like a free and independent man. As to his breeches, it was during his whole life a piece of unnecessary labour and expense to have put buttons or button-holes to the knees of them, inasmuch as honest Paddy would as soon think of taking to the highway at once as of buttoning them. One solitary button kept his waistcoat together after a fashion; but on no occasion was he ever known to have a garter on each leg, and, consequently, we need not say that one of his stockings, or in general both, were always about his feet. If he got a new hat on Monday morning, a person would imagine, about the middle of the week, that it had been an old acquaintance of his; and, indeed, he stood in a similar category with respect to his shoes, which, during the winter months, were always well *foddered* with straw, as might be known by the long stalks of it that projected up about his ankles; for he never took the trouble either to pull or cut them away."

In the peculiar style of humour most likely to win those for whose benefit this tale is written, Carleton exposes the deplorable consequences of the "Go-Easy" habits; and then, with equal skill, points out the means by which they were reformed, and the beneficial results. Here, then, is a little volume that deserves to form a part of every library in Ireland. It is national, in the best sense of the word. It points out evils peculiar to the country, and suggests the most appropriate motives and means for their removal. We are glad to conclude with a word of praise to a series in which we have found much to censure;—and we trust that the future volumes will, like Carleton's, be found national and instructive, without being exclusive and controversial.

History of Leo X.—[Histoire de Léon X.] By M. Audin. 2 vols. Paris, Maisou. *Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de' Medici.* Bohn. *Life and Pontificate of Leo X.* Bogue.

M. Audin's history is a remarkable book. It belongs to the class called Ultramontane,—that is, Roman, in contradistinction to the merely Catholic. Few of our historical readers, perhaps, need be told that, for many hundreds of years, two great parties have divided the Roman-Catholic Church. One, and that by far the more numerous, has looked upon the Supreme Pontiff merely as universal bishop,—as no less liable to error than other men and no less subject to human frailties. The other has professed to consider him as infallible in judgment, and as guided by the Holy Spirit in his opinions. Hence, while the former has regarded his primacy as one less of jurisdiction than of honour,—as possessing no authority over the national churches of Christendom beyond that given by the ancient canons, amounting rather to the privilege of recommending than to the right of commanding,—and as incompetent to decide in a single dogma of faith without the concurrence of a General Council,—the latter has invested him with absolute power, and concentrated the Church in him alone. This party, as we have already intimated, was always, comparatively speaking, a small one. It originated in Rome itself, and was chiefly confined to the Papal States;—though, in the bosom of nations which boasted of their spiritual

no less than their temporal freedom, written from time to time arose who advocated the same opinions. For the Holy Father was never without patronage,—and he seldom lacked the disposition to reward such as upheld his authority. What rewards M. Audin may have, or hope for, it is not for us to say; but if his merits be overlooked, Gregory XVI. must be less politic than his predecessors. One thing is certain,—that, as few who have sat in St. Peter's chair have exalted the papal authority higher than the present occupant, so no writer has more strenuously defended it, in his humble way, than this 'Knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great.'

The design of this work, as may readily be conjectured, is to oppose the mischievous tendency of Mr. Roscoe's 'Leo X.' "We are not ignorant," M. Audin observes, "that, before us, other pens have written the life of our hero; but their mind is not our mind, so that we have been at no pains to imitate them. One of these pens, which laboured after the Benedictine manner,—that of Mr. Roscoe,—has drawn us a picture of the reign of Leo X.; but then it is entirely a worldly picture, where the Pope appears under one face only. In reading Roscoe, we recognize the artist, but we see no trace of the Christian. It is the vindication of Leo's character that we now attempt: it is Leo in a religious point of view (so little noticed by the bulk of our readers) that we have endeavoured to appreciate." Here, again, our readers will not fail to remember that, by many Protestants, Mr. Roscoe has been censured for his partiality to the subject of his biography; and even Roman Catholic ecclesiastics have acknowledged that, in this respect, he is quite as favourable as they could have been,—quite as favourable as truth would allow. But this was not enough for the Congregation of the Index,—which prohibited his book, because he had the impety to suppose that pope or cardinal could be influenced by worldly motives; and it is not enough for M. Audin,—who is determined to show that neither Leo nor any other pope ever was, or ever could be, swayed by such motives; that he and all of them were at once infallible and immaculate:—

Leo X. [he assures us] has been truly unfortunate: he has been unable to escape either the praise or the censure of Protestant writers,—praise which, as they intend it, would be more prejudicial to his memory than open insult. They make of him a learned humanist, a brilliant poet, a mere literary man at the period of the revival of learning,—occupied, though in St. Peter's chair, with worldly vanities; and, what is still worse, they have imbued the Catholic mind with the same views, and taught us to respect opinions originally inspired by passion. While cordially accepting for Leo the just eulogium passed on him by writers of the Reformation, we demand for him a glory more enduring than that which has its reward here below in the admiration and applause of men. That glory which God alone can give must surely be restored to him even in this world's opinion, when we see him, in the course of a life so short and yet so full of important events, practise all the precepts of the Gospel, which, while a child, he had studied at Florence;—when we see him preserve in exile that chastity of manners which, according to a contemporary writer, suspicion itself had been unable to tarnish;—when we see him live amidst the scholars of Rome, follow the same kind of life as the primitive Christians,—fasting, praying, self-denying, rigorously observing three days of abstinence every week, and bestowing abundant alms on all around him;—when we see him, after God had raised him to the government of the Church, set the whole world an example of the most eminent Christian virtues.

We give this extract to show the spirit in which the book is written. In truth, it is a curiosity, and well deserving of a cursory examina-

tion. This is a history of the life and events, and impartial biography. Reformed Catholics must not forget the representative of the Italian of it, in the immediate of it is manifest! elaborate pen and, as it is of the Index.

The Pazzi Roscoe as practical at place—a trait an archbishop associated to destroy (Medici) who country; a crime at a moment of the audience assassins were presence of atrocious co Girolamo Cardinal R of Pisa. conduct of rene. Th brought in a personal a party, to of Lorenzo the Pazzi Pope and l by the me Francesco to cut dow while Lor blows of t fino da B Roscoe, is by the lat Library, i desire to l chapter o Audin des Florence people. wool mercl to regain gonfalonieri the people to hear th aristocracy the Grand of the Arc them in th was staine —but only the blows self nobly time to su We sh this easy facts. Respe vani de received year:— The a became Louis XI was the fi no great had need the inver Giovanni

tion. This will be best conducted by a comparison of the author's opinions, both as to persons and events, with those of Mr. Roscoe,—the most impartial biographer of a pope that any of the Reformed communions have produced. We must not forget that M. Audin's book is representative of the views, opinions, and feelings of the Italian Church; and especially of that part of it, in the Roman States, which is under the immediate control of the Sovereign Pontiff. It is manifestly intended to supersede Roscoe's elaborate performance, both in Italy and France; and, as it is sure not to be visited with the terrors of the Index, it will probably attain its end.

The Pazzi conspiracy is branded by Mr. Roscoe as "an incontrovertible proof of the practical atheism of the times in which it took place—a transaction in which a pope, a cardinal, an archbishop, and several other ecclesiastics associated themselves with a band of ruffians, to destroy two men (Lorenzo and Giuliano de' Medici) who were an honour to their age and country; and purposed to perpetrate their crime at a season of hospitality, in the sanctuary of the Christian Church, and at the very moment of the elevation of the host, when the audience bowed down before it, and the assassins were presumed to be in the immediate presence of their God." The heads of this atrocious conspiracy were Sixtus IV., his nephew Giuliano Riario, and his grand-nephew the Cardinal Raffaele Riario, with the Archbishop of Pisa. The Pope had taken offence at the conduct of Lorenzo,—and, besides, coveted Florence. The members of his family were easily brought into his views, and the Archbishop was a personal enemy of the Medici. As there was a party, too, in Florence hostile to the authority of Lorenzo—that of the aristocracy, of whom the Pazzi might be considered the head,—the Pope and his colleagues agreed to effect the deed by the means of these Pazzi and their assistants. Francesco Pazzi and his creature Bandini were to cut down Giuliano, the brother of Lorenzo; while Lorenzo himself was to fall under the blows of two priests, Antonio Maffei and Stefano da Bagnone.—As the life of Lorenzo, by Roscoe, is now within reach of all our readers by the late republication in Bogue's European Library, it will be sufficient to refer those who desire to have further information to the fourth chapter of that work.—Now, how does M. Audin describe this horrible transaction?

Florence loved Lorenzo: he was the man of the people. When the aristocracy, humbled by the wool merchant who refused royal alliances, attempted to regain possession of power, by restoring to the gonfaloniers and the signors their former privileges, the people murmured; but the nobles pretended not to hear this expression of the popular voice. The aristocracy, represented by the Pazzi, in order to strike the Grand Duke, covered themselves with the robe of the Archbishop of Pisa; who had agreed to meet them in the church of Santa Reparata. The church was stained with blood at the moment of the elevation,—but only with the blood of Giuliano, who fell under the blows of the assassins. Lorenzo defended himself nobly; and, by taking refuge in the sacristy, had time to summon people to his aid.

We shall not offer a word of comment on this easy manner of dealing with incontestible facts.

Respecting the church preferments of Giovanni de' Medici (second son of Lorenzo), who received the tonsure as early as his seventh year:—

The abbey of Font-Douce (says M. Audin) became vacant in the following year, 1483; and Louis XI. nominated to it Giovanni de' Medici. This was the first of the favours which heaven reserved in so great a number for the ducal child. Sixtus IV. had need of pardon for his friendship with the Pazzi: the investiture of the monastery of Passignano to Giovanni de' Medici, at the request of the Florentine

Ambassador, was the price of his reconciliation with that house; and it was a noble act of repentance.

When Giovanni received these dignities, he was only in his eighth year!—and he would have been infallibly Archbishop of Aix, had not the report concerning the death of the prelate that filled it proved inaccurate. As it was, however, the child and his father had little reason to complain; for Providence, as M. Audin would have us believe, followed up its work, by conferring on Giovanni, in an incredibly short space of time, the following dignities,—most of which he held even after he became cardinal:—1. Canonries in the cathedrals of Florence, Fiesole, and Arezzo, with the precentorship of the first. 2. The rectories of Carmignano, Giogoli, San Casciano, San Giovanni in Valdarno, San Piero of Cosala, and San Marcellino at Cacciano. 3. The priories of Monto and Prato. 4. The abbeys of Monte Casino, San Giovanni di Passignano, Santa Maria di Morimundo, St. Martin of Font-Douce, San Lorenzo di Coltibuono, San Salvador, San Bartolommeo of Anghiari, Santa Maria of Ponte Piato, St. Julian of Tours, San Giusto and San Clemente of Volterra, San Stefano of Bologna, St. Michael of Arezzo, Chiaravalle at Milan, Pino in Pinateva, and the Casa Dei at Chiaramonte. Before he was thirteen he was raised to the dignity of Cardinal,—an object attained partly by bribery, and partly by the favour of Innocent VIII., whose eldest son had the year before married a daughter of Lorenzo. To this match, more than even to bribery, must be attributed the greatness of Giovanni:—but it is worthy of remark, that, in this promotion of the youth, Innocent broke the promises made at his accession, that he would raise nobody to the dignity of cardinal under thirty years. On all these accumulated offices, (we have yet to add the archbishopric of Anagni) Mr. Roscoe contents himself with transcribing a remark of Fabroni: "Good God! what a number of priestly offices on the head of one youth!" But so far is M. Audin from having a word of condemnation for this abominable course of corruption, that, on the contrary, he evidently regards it as a proof of the divine favour.

To understand the kind of education which Giovanni received,—the kind of "Gospel which, while a child, he had studied at Florence,"—we have only to look at the characters of his tutors. The three most eminent were, Ticino, Pico della Mirandola, and Politian. Of these, the first was absorbed in the doctrines of Plato. He termed the *Crito* the second gospel sent from heaven. His whole mind, indeed, became tintured with the doctrines of that philosopher; and, as a salutation, "Dear brethren in Plato!" superseded the old one of "Dear brethren in Christ!" Pico was a visionary—busied, at all times, in the pretended cabalistic lore of the age. Of Politian, it is sufficient to observe that, though a man of genius, learning and varied accomplishments, he was remarkable rather as a classical scholar, a rhetorician and a poet, than as a student of divinity. Thus, the mind of the future pope was formed in the schools of the Alexandrian Neoplatonism, of Judaic mysticism, and of heathen symbols. As Mr. Roscoe observes, "The associates of Lorenzo de' Medici were much better acquainted with the writings of the poets and the doctrines of the ancient philosophers, than with the dogmas of the Christian faith."—What says M. Audin to the influences to which we have just alluded? As may readily be supposed, he passes over them; though in such a manner as evidently to show that he was no stranger to their existence. We have already noticed his allusion to the pious dispositions which Giovanni had imbibed under his paternal roof; and we now find the ultramontane bio-

grapher hinting that God had placed these three tutors near him for gracious and holy purposes.

Of Sixtus IV., to whose share in the Conspiracy of the Pazzi we have already adverted, Mr. Roscoe says:—

"It must indeed be acknowledged, that no age has exhibited such flagrant instances of the depravity of the Roman see as the close of the fifteenth century, when the profligacy of Sixtus IV. led the way, at a short interval, to the still more outrageous and unnatural crimes of Alexander VI. The avarice of Sixtus was equal to his ambition. He was the first Roman pontiff who openly exposed to sale the principal offices of the Church; but not satisfied with the disposal of such as became vacant, he instituted new ones, for the avowed purpose of selling them, and thereby contrived to obtain a certain emolument from the uncertain tenure by which he held his see. To Sixtus IV. posterity are also indebted for the institution of inquisitors of the press, without whose licence no work was suffered to be printed."

But M. Audin assures us that Sixtus was a holy pope; animated by a living zeal for religion and for the Church,—and anxious for a reformation, which he loudly declared necessary for the welfare of both.

Mr. Roscoe declares that Innocent VIII. had several illegitimate children:—he might have stated the number to be seven; and that most of them were born after his elevation to high dignities in the Church. M. Audin alludes only to one,—"born before the father took holy orders."

Again, and by way of summary:—

We were to place implicit confidence in the Italian historians, no period of society has exhibited a character of darker deformity than that of Alexander VI. Inordinate in his ambition, insatiate in his avarice and his lust, inexorable in his cruelty, and boundless in his rapacity; almost every crime that can disgrace humanity is attributed to him, without hesitation, by writers whose works are published under the sanction of the Roman Church.

Of few men has the career been worse than that of this Pope, before his elevation to the pontificate; yet, of him M. Audin speaks as if he were a divine and providential gift to the Church—raised to the highest dignity alike for its own good, and for that of Italy at large! The story, indeed, which attributes his death to the taking by mistake of a poison which he had intended for another, seems to be untrue:—and Mr. Roscoe inclines to the opinion that other horrible tales current at the time are so likewise. But such charges, it is obvious, could never have been brought against him by the devoted sons of the Church, or generally credited by the world, had he not been thought fully capable of the enormities which they implied.

Though Julius II. was a much better man than his predecessor, he was confessedly guilty of acts which, if committed by rulers of the present day, would either exile them or bring them to the block. Haughty, vindictive and unrelenting, he caused more blood to flow than even Alexander—and too often without regard to the forms of justice. He had many personal vices, too: but he was no hypocrite. He pretended neither to learning or religion—desiring only to be esteemed as a soldier. "In searching for a vicar of Christ upon earth," observes Mr. Roscoe, "it would have been difficult to find a person whose conduct and temper were more directly opposed to the mild spirit of Christianity, and the apostle of its Founder." Now, what says the apostolic biographer, M. Audin, of this pontiff?—

As a pope, Julius II. was greater than even as a warrior. If it were the duty of the pope to defend the rights of his authority against some schismatic cardinals; to vindicate, in a council of the Church, the apostolic constitutions; to admit into his own council only men of knowledge and piety; to give the world an example of unsullied chastity; to watch

incessantly over the administration of justice; to keep his word when once given; to pardon his enemies; in seasons of misfortune to trust in God; to distribute alms; to love the poor; to spare the public treasury,—not a farthing being taken from it to enrich his own connexions; and finally to die as becomes a good Christian—then, assuredly, Julius II. was worthy of the tiara.

In turning from pontiffs like these to Leo X., the mind feels a relief. Though one of the most worldly men that ever sat in the chair of St. Peter, he had few of the dark shades of character common to them and to the ecclesiastical princes his subjects. He had, however, faults enough. He bestowed the patronage of the Church with little regard to the merit of the individuals whom he honoured. In all that has been said of his patronage of literary and scientific men, we concur; but this only proves that he might be a good temporal prince who was a bad pope. Of the spirituality of the Church, he took no heed. He looked on it as a splendid profession, wherein men of birth might lawfully display their magnificence. Immoderately fond of pomp himself, he thought its exhibition the best Church policy, as impressing the ignorant Italians with greater respect for the order. Need we add, that M. Audin overlooks all the dark shades in this pope's character—instituting that he was in everything a perfect Christian. What else is due from him who finds so much that is admirable in Alexander VI. and Julius II.?

So seldom does a real Ultramontane book come before us, that we have been interested by this. M. Audin has no respect for writers in his own communion who can see anything evil in a pope;—and, to do them justice, nine-tenths of them do see a great deal that was evil. The author is sure to be a great favourite with the Congregation of the Index; and with the entire Church of Italy,—of which he is a faithful personification. But Ultramontanism is expiring;—and will scarcely be revived by such unscrupulous books as the one before us.

POETRY OF THE MILLION.

My Dream, and other Poems. By S. and E. Hersee.—*Poems.* By C., E. and A. Bell.—*The Benighted Traveller, and other Poems.* By E. J. Hughes.—*Lays and Legends of Germany; with other Poems.* By E. L. Harvey.—*Poems.* By the Rev. C. E. Kennaway.—*Poems.* By Mrs. Thomas.

FROM the Poetry of the Million with which our table is covered, we have selected a batch of lyrics for the entertainment, or instruction, as it may be, of our readers, on the present occasion. In reference to a not inconsiderable portion of the poetry that comes under this class, the office of the critic is but a painful one. When utter incapacity, glaring folly, coarse prejudices, or vicious passions, are exhibited in the strong light of publication, he has no remorse whatever to disturb him in the exercise of his judicial functions; but where the incidents of type and a publisher's name are the worst things that he has to object,—where the great mistake is in the appeal to himself,—it costs something to pass a sentence which, soften its expression as he may, will be felt as harsh, upon graceful thoughts and gentle feelings. Here, for example, is a little volume, by two sisters, the Misses Hersee,—deserving of a good word in any court less stern and more discretionary than that of criticism. The contents are such as testify pleasantly to the direction of these young ladies' tastes and occupations; and the music is of that kind which, heard amid the accompaniments of home and by the ear of the affections, has, as all our readers know, a sweetness that is felt more than understood. But that is

music by the fireside which is not fitted to win the colder and more fastidious ear of an impartial public. The verdict of the friend is no guarantee for that of the critic. Much to the credit of the Misses Hersee is their little volume, and a new and acknowledged title, doubtless, upon those to whom they are dear:—but we should only mislead them, if we induced them to suppose that it would bear the tests by which Poetry must be tried. The Poets, however, as these young minstrels know, are few:—but the love of Poetry is a poetry itself; and to that this graceful and unpretending volume testifies, on their behalf.

The second book on our list furnishes another example of a family in whom appears to run the instinct of song. It is shared, however, by the three brothers—as we suppose them to be—in very unequal proportions; requiring, in the case of Acton Bell, the indulgences of affection to which we have alluded, to make it music,—and rising, in that of Ellis, into an inspiration, which may yet find an audience in the outer world. A fine quaint spirit has the latter, which may have things to speak that men will be glad to hear,—and an evident power of wing that may reach heights not here attempted. Take an extract from his poem of 'The Philosopher':—

So said I, and still say the same;
Still, to my death, will say—
Three gods, with this little frame,
Are warring night and day;
Heaven could not hold them all, and yet
They all are held in me;
And must be mine till I forget
My present entity;
Oh, for the time, when in my breast
Their struggles will be o'er!
Oh, for the day, when I shall rest,
And never suffer more!
I saw a spirit, standing, man,
Where thou dost stand—an hour ago,
And round his feet three rivers ran,
Of equal depth, and equal flow—
A golden stream—and one like blood;
And one like sapphire seemed to be;
But, where they joined their triple flood,
It tumbled in an inkly sea.
The spirit sent his dazzling gaze
Down through that ocean's gloomy night;
Then, kindling all, with sudden blaze,
The glad deep sparkled wide and bright—
White as the sun, far, far more fair
Than its divided sources were!
And even for that spirit, seer,
I've watched and sought my life-time long;
Sought him in heaven, hell, earth, and air—
An endless search,—and always wrong!
Had I but seen his glorious eye
Once light the clouds that wilder me,
I ne'er had raised this coward cry
To cease to think, and cease to be;
I ne'er had called oblivion blest,
Nor, stretch'd my eager hands to death,
Implored to change for senseless rest
This sentient soul, this living breath.
Oh, let me die—that power and will
Their cruel strife may close;
And conquered good, and conquering ill,
Be lost in one repose!

How musical he can be, and how lightly and easily the music falls from his heart and pen, a verse or two from a 'Song' may testify:—

The linnet in the rocky dells,
The moor-lark in the air,
The bee among the heather bells,
That hide my lady fair!
The wild deer browse above her breast;
The wild birds raise their brood;
And they, her smiles of love caressed,
Have left her solitude!
Well, let them fight for honour's breath,
Or pleasure's shade; nor care
The dweller in the land of death
Is changed and careless too.
And, if their eyes should watch and weep
Till sorrow's source were dry,
She would not, in her tranquil sleep,
Return a single sigh!
Blow, west-wind, by the lonely mound,
And murmur, summer-streams—
There is no need of other sound
To soothe my lady's dreams.

The little poem that follows, which we give complete, furnishes a hint as to the writer's

models; yet he is no copyist. There is not enough in this volume to judge him by—but, to our mind, an impression of originality is conveyed, beyond what his contributions to these pages embody:—

Hope was but a timid friend;
She sat without the grated den,
Watching how my fate would tend,
Even as selfish-hearted men.

She was cruel in her fear;
Through the bars, one dreary day,
I looked out to see her there,
And she turned her face away!

Like a false guard, false watch keeping,
Still, in strife, she whispered cease;
She would sing while I was weeping;
If I listened, she would cease.

False she was, and unrelenting;
When my last joys strewed the ground,
Even sorrow saw, repenting
Those sad relics scattered round;

Hope, whose whisper would have given
Halm to all my frenzied pain,
Stretched her wings, and soared to heaven,—
Went, and ne'er returned again!

The Muse of Currier Bell walks half way betwixt the level of Acton's and the elevation attained by Ellis. It is rarely that the whole of one of his poems is up to the scale registered by parts. A bit here and there from the 'Monologue of the Teacher,' in his lonely school-room, away from the friends and fields of happier and less toilsome days, may give the tone and manner of his singing!—

All fades away; my very home
I think will soon be desolate;
I hear, at times, a warning come
Of bitter partings at its gate;
And, if should return and see
The hearth-fire quenched, the vacant chair;
And hear it whispered mournfully,
That farewells have been spoken there,
What shall I do, or whither turn?
Where look for peace? When cease to mourn?

'Tis not the air I wished to play,
The strain I wished to sing;
My wilful spirit slipped away
And struck another string.
I neither wanted smile nor tear,
Bright joy nor bitter woe,
But just a song that sweet and clear,
Though haply sad, might flow.

A quiet song, to solace me
When sleep refused to come;
A strain to chase despondency,
When sorrowful for home.
In vain I try; I cannot sing;
All feels so cold and dead;
No wild distress, no gushing spring
Of tears in anguish shed;
But all the impatient gloom of one
Who waits a distant day,
When, some great task of suffering done,
Repose shall toil repay.

Life will be gone ere I have lived;
Where now is Life's first prime?
I've worked and studied, longed and grieved,
Through all that rosy time.

And a few lines from the dying words of the apostate lady to the pleading priest:—

Now go; for at the door there waits
Another stranger guest:
He calls—I come—my pulse scarce beats,
My heart fails in my breast.
Again that voice—how far away,
How dreary sounds that tone!
And I, methinks, have gone astray
In trackless wastes and lone.

I fain would rest a little while:
Where can I find a stay,
Till dawn upon the hills shall smile;
And show some trodden way?

Of Mr. Hughes's volume it is sufficient to say, that a much better idea of what poetry should be may be gathered from his Preface than from his poems:—of Ella Louisa Harvey's, that one-half of its contents are translations, and the others *original* only in the title-page sense:—and of Mr. Kennaway's, that as, on his own statement, its "composition was pleasure and comfort to himself," attended "with more permanent benefit to his heart," he has reaped from his verse-exercises advantages sufficiently solid to make him indifferent to the empty breath of poetical fame—which is fortunate.

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Mrs. Thomas, though appearing in print, declares at once that she prints for her friends, and does not look for extended circulation. Her principal poem is entitled 'Lethe'; and would have given its name to the volume, had she not been anticipated by the publication, under that title, of a work of the late Miss Woodroffe. "There is nothing," she says, "in either volume to provoke comparison—still less rivalry; and I am induced to refer to the fact, simply from the singularity of two poems on so unusual, and to many minds so unattractive, a subject, appearing during the same season." Not only is Lethe not an unusual subject of poetry, but so far, also, from being unattractive, it is scarcely possible to imagine one lending itself more obviously to poetry of the first order—treated as it might be. The struggle between the weary soul's longing for repose and its clinging to memories despite their pain—between the shrinking from suffering and the shrinking from oblivion—offers the materials of a strain at once grand and affecting; in which poetry should sound some of the saddest of the philosophical depths, and philosophy take forms of the most touching poetical beauty. Even the idea of Mrs. Thomas's own Muse, which sets herself down by the dark, cold, sleepy river, and makes the worn-out hearts that come thither to lay down their respective burdens on its brink, depose to the several sorrows that seek its healing draught,—is an approach to the beauty of the subject,—had she had a larger vision for the grasp of its more profound morals, and better skill to sing them. She deserves credit for her thought—though it has come so close to fine things and missed them. For this reason, we will give a few verses from the sad River-spirits' singing:—

Children of earth, that long have borne
The burden of the past,
Who dream of tears and wake to mourn,
To my dark fount I welcome ye at last!
Come, drink with me.

Lo! in my golden cup I pour
The waters fresh and sweet;
Haste, ye oppressed with memory's lore
Who seek my peaceful shrine with wearied feet,
Come, drink with me.

Upon the flowers that bid ye grieve
My silent seat I set;
I hush the song of yester-eve
Whose tones might wake the spirit of regret.
Come, drink with me.

Around the throbbing brow of care
My poppy wreaths I fling;
I silence Echo in her lair
And fold with noiseless touch dark memory's wing.
Come, drink with me.

The stream is pure, the cup o'erflows,
One draught will soothe the heart,
And blessed is its power on those
Who from the shadows of the past would part.
Come, drink with me.

We will show Mrs. Thomas how near she has come to some of the philosophy of her subject—may, touched it; and we know not how she could do so, without an immediate revelation that should have shown many more of its deep and mournful secrets. The fallacy which can present the draught that shuts out the past as not making the future a blank—the effect of much oblivion as is here sought on the various intellectual constitutions,—should have made much of both the poetry and wisdom of the theme. Once, the writer stumbles on a fine truth. After the 'Minstrel,' and the 'Last of his Race,' comes to the dark stream, for a draught of its sleepy wine, the 'Maniac'; whose madness is made of the fragments of a foregone sanity—the past reflected, though reflected wrong. Forms distorted by the false lights in which they show, and voices speaking out of tune—all things badly grouped and giving untrue echoes—but all the presentment of memories that have gone astray since they lost their leader, judgment—make up his ravings:—

He took the draught, and shadows round him closed
Like mists at evening, veiling the clear west
Slowly and surely. Darkness on him fell,
As twilight glideth into night, who wraps
Forest and flower-bank in her mantle sad.
Silence smiled on him, and his heart grew calm,
And his eye saw no phantom, and his ear
Heard no more voices from the restless sea.
The silence and the gloom of night, but not
Its peace and its refreshing, on him dwelt.
His arm dropped listlessly, the chalice fell
From his unmindful grasp, and his dim eye
Closed languidly, as some out-wearied child
Still clasps his toys yet cannot choose but sleep—
An idiot by the silent stream he lay!

As we have said, this is true—and fine. Here is the philosophy of Lethe, in the particular case. The Madman, without his past, is the Idiot.

Seventh Report of the Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records; presented to both Houses of Parliament, by Command of Her Majesty.

THE public, no less of Great Britain than of the whole civilized world, would be shocked to read some morning, an account in the newspapers of the loss of William the Conqueror's Domesday-book by fire. Yet, it is the fact, that its safety is dependent on the merciful carelessness of the washerwoman of the Rev. Mr. Milman, or of that other member of the Westminster Chapter who is the tenant of the little building that smokes beneath the windows of the repository of the venerable volume. The same conflagration would likewise consume the treaty of the Cloth of Gold, with Benevenuto Cellini's gold seal—the Submission of the Competitors for the Crown of Scotland to Edward I.—and some hundreds of other historical documents; any one of which would make a German or Italian library an object of visitation from touring literati, and of a paragraph in the guide-books. The Deputy-Keeper of the Records now informs Her Majesty, what was said publicly, at least some ten years ago, by Messrs. Inglis and Hallam, and told to the Commons by Mr. Charles Buller,—that "the building" containing Domesday-book and the other early records of the Treasury "is liable to very great risks from fire." * A washhouse is situated under the windows of the library where Domesday and other most valuable records are kept. The windows have iron shutters; but timber is so close to them that there is danger of fire communicating. * * If any of the materials of the building were once kindled, its cubical contents are so great that the flames would rage with intense fury, and communicate with every part,—all being connected by wooden floors and wooden staircases. These circumstances would render the destruction of the whole building and of all the records certain, if once on fire." In short, the edifice which holds a book more precious and less retrievable than Queen Victoria's crown, valued in vulgar coin at a million of pounds sterling—a nobler monument of a nation's history than the Pyramids of Egypt or the Acrepagus of Greece,—is exposed to such fire-risks, that an Insurance-office would, according to the great authority on fires, Mr. Braidwood, charge twice as much for it as for an ordinary dwelling-house.

A long, low, flimsy construction, at the east end of Carlton Terrace,—which still keeps its old name of Carlton Ride, derived from having been the riding-school attached to Carlton Palace,—has been filled with some seventy thousand cubic feet of the records of the Courts of Queen's Bench, Exchequer, and Common Pleas. If the Duke of Bedford desire to ascertain the extent of the possessions amassed by the monks of Woburn, which Harry the Eighth transferred to his predecessor—or any landed proprietor wish to trace the history of his title from the twelfth century, when tenures became somewhat more permanent, to the present time—or any one seek to inform himself on any solemn judgment which the courts of law may have pronounced since the days of Richard I.—or of the sources of the national revenue, its receipts and expenditure—at Carlton Ride he may search for the record, at the nominal fee of a shilling per week. Such a collection of muniments as is brought together in this barn (for it is no better) all Europe could not amass, or parallel for antiquity and value. Without incurring the charge of antiquarian rhapsody, we may safely challenge any nation to show such a series of Records—each one, in its physical attributes, a very picture of mediæval art—as the "Great Roll of the Pipe,"—

being the national ledgers for seven centuries running in unbroken continuity; or as the "Feet of Fines"—a cotemporary series, furnishing the amplest evidences of the transfer of all landed property since the days of Richard I. If fire should attack this great shed, and not be instantly suppressed, half an hour would see the whole of the rolls, volumes, documents, roof and timbers, one mass of smouldering ruins. Quoting the Deputy-keeper and Mr. Braidwood aforesaid, it is officially declared that "the building is, in every part and portion, unfit for the purposes to which it is applied, in so far as regards insecurity from fire." "The walls are very slight in proportion to the size of the building, and of indifferent workmanship. The roof is entirely supported on timber, resting on the top of the walls below, and it would be hardly possible to save any portion of the contents. Should the fire affect the principals of the roof, it will fall in; and, from the manner in which it is supported, the side walls would be thrown out, and the whole become a mass of ruins. From the very great size of the building, there would be no chance of extinguishing a fire, should it attain any extent before being discovered." There is a sort of melancholy pantomimic picturesqueness in seeing—as any one may see, every day at four o'clock—this "treasury" of Records handed over to the custody of two sentries, two London policemen, and a fireman of the London Brigade, armed with dark lanterns and a pickaxe—trusting to tell-tale clocks, a cistern with four thousand gallons of water, yards of hose, and numberless fire buckets,—anticipating, as it were, a fight with the enemy each night. Yet, notwithstanding all these precautions, we have cool, practical Mr. Braidwood affirming, that the "apparatus for extinguishing fires ought not to be too much relied upon;" and he quotes recent instances wherein it has failed,—reminding us that "the principal safety must depend on the care and vigilance of men receiving from 20s. to 30s. weekly wages." The insurance rate for this building is 5s. per cent., more than trebly hazardous.

At the Rolls House and Chapel, wherein are deposited the inrolments of Patents and Grants from the Crown—depositories greatly resorted to for search—the state of security from fire may be estimated by the fact, that "within the last two years a wooden plug was discovered on fire in the secretary's room." Inquiries were instituted; joists, beams, and floors were found defective; the defects were remedied, but no one can tell what may remain unknown. These buildings are heated by hot air, conveyed in iron flues in actual contact with timber;—"which," says experienced Mr. Braidwood, "is one of the most dangerous modes of heating that can be adopted." The fire-risk of the Rolls Chapel, notwithstanding nightly watchmen, fire-engines, hose, and tell-tale clocks, is estimated at 1s. 6d. per cent.,— whilst that of the Rolls House is 2s. per cent.

The last important repository of the Public Records whose liabilities to fire we have to notice is the Tower of London. The venerable thick walls of this building might, at the first view, seem to offer unexceptionable security. It has for centuries been the storehouse for some of the most valuable of our earliest national Records; but of late years its liability to fire has been greatly increased—how much, the burning of the Small Armoury (cause unknown) made manifest three years ago. The early history of England, told in authentic rolls beyond civil, is actually preserved in the Records and diplomatic correspondence at the Tower.—The whole story of Parliament is there. With the time of King John these rolls begin; and come down to the reign of Henry IV.: from which date the series is continued at the Rolls Chapel as long as the records have endured,—in many cases to the present day. The Records at the Tower, says Mr. Braidwood, are in such jeopardy that "no merchant of ordinary prudence would keep his books of accounts in the same situation." Such a declaration disgraces us as a nation. What Messrs. Baring would not dream of tolerating as private merchants, Mr. F. Thornhill Baring, and Mr. Goulburn, the late Chancellors of the Exchequer, have risked, night by night, as Trustees for a nation. The danger of the White Tower consists especially in its being used as a military storehouse. Close even to the gunpowder magazine, you may see men painting tarpaulins with boiling pitch. The interior retains all its ancient massive

Fitznease, the hero, from the enchantments of Cicely Fitzwalter.—These resonant names, it occurs to us, form so well-accustomed a part of the romance's common-place stock in trade that, to avoid misconception, we must affirm that "The Ransom" has more than common-place merit: enough to justify us in encouraging the authoress to try her hand again,—but on a field where she has a better chance of engaging and retaining the sympathies of her readers, than the beaten ground of Crusading adventure.

Lettres sur la Théorie des Probabilités. By M. Quetelet.—These letters are written to the reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg.—we wish *Votre Altesse* had been left out from beginning to end. They form a very interesting addition to M. Quetelet's statistical writings. The general principles of the theory of probabilities—that is, of sound judgment reduced to calculation when numerical data can be obtained—are well illustrated in their application to physics and statistics. An Appendix contains several more mathematical discussions of matters connected with those of the text. Those who have formed their ideas of this theory from little collections of gambling problems, will find it worth their while to try the reading of these letters.

A Manual of Classical Mythology. By T. S. Carr.—A very useful compilation; containing more explanatory matter than is usually found in such elementary books. Nothing important, and little that is useful, are omitted,—notwithstanding the small size of the work. We wish that in all other cases condensation were as ably and successfully performed. The manual is accompanied by a copious Lexicon-Index.

Moral Heroism. By Clara L. Balfour.—The design of this little work, to point out the difference between true and false heroism, is excellent.

The Child's First Step to Scottish History. By Anne Rodwell.—The leading events in Scottish history are related by Miss Rodwell with simplicity and accuracy,—in a pleasing style, well calculated to win the attention of the young.

The Bacchæ and Heracleidæ of Euripides, literally translated into English, from the Text of Dindorf. By a Member of the University of Oxford.—Mr. Washbourne proceeds vigorously in his publication of dramatic translations from the Greek. That they must be of great use to readers unacquainted with the original is indisputable. But we do not so much approve of them as helps to translation. This, however, is the business of schoolmasters,—not ours. It is certain that the use of such helps is, if not openly encouraged, connived at,—and we are sorry for it.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Adams of Shaftesbury; or, the Days of John of Gaunt, fc. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
 Alban Blair and Matthew Wald, by Lockhart, 12mo. 3s. 6d. swd.
 Algeria in 1845, a Visit to the French Possessions in Africa, by Count St. Marie, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
 Baker's Standard History, Vol. 12, Beckmann's History of Inventions, trans. by W. Johnston, Vol. I. post 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
 Beattie's Modern Literature, Part I. 'Walpole's Letters, Vol. I. (to be completed in 12) 6d. cl.
 Boyd's (Rev. A.) England, Rome, and Oxford Compared as to Certain Doctrines, 8vo. 1s. cl.
 Calks of Characters, a Biographical Game, in case, 5s.
 Chambers's (J.) French Grammar, by Des Carrières, 12mo. 5s. 6d. cl.
 Englishwoman's Fam. Lib. Vols. IV. and V. Ellis's (Mrs.) 'Family Secrets,' Vols. II. and III. fc. 1s. 4s. each, cl.
 Esdaile's (J.) Mesmerism in India, and its Practical Application in Surgery, fc. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.
 Fuden's Landscape and Portrait Illustrations of Lord Byron's Works, Part I. 4to. 2s. 6d. swd.
 Guide to Great Yarmouth, with 34 illus. by B. Utting, fc. 8vo. 2s. swd.
 Holy Bible with 20,000 Emendations, by Dr. Conquest, People's Edition, 16mo. 3s. 6d. swd.
 Hudson's (T. S.) Hist. of England, from Geo. III. to Victoria, 73s. 6d. cl.
 Huxley's (D. R.) Nomenclature of Colours, 2nd edit. 4to. 35s. cl.
 Hand-book for Travellers in Switzerland, 3rd edit. 12mo. 10s. cl.
 Hutton's (W.) Table Talk, 3rd edit. Vol. II. fc. 8vo. 6s. cl.
 Jew's (H.) Outlines of French History, 18mo. 1s. swd.; 1s. 6d. cl.
 Jew's Naturalist's Library, People's Edition, Vol. X. fc. 8vo. 4s. 6d.
 John Bull's Trip to Boulogne and Calais, with Prof. Polichinelle's New French Course, 32mo. 1s. cl.
 Jones's (Rev. W.) Autobiography, edited by his Son, 8vo. 3s. cl.
 Kintow's Miniature German Grammar, new edit. royal 8vo. 5s.
 Kretschmer's (M.) Revelations of Austria, edited by Prof. Schöberl, 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.
 'Revelations of Russia,' 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl.
 London Catalogue of Books Published in Great Britain from 1814 to 1846, 2s. 6d. cl.
 Manual of Practical Levelling, by G. Francis, F.R.S. 12mo. 4s. cl.
 Mackay's (Dr. C.) Voices from the Crowd, and other Poems, 16mo. 1s.
 Marryat's (Capt.) Privateer-ship One Hundred Years Ago, 12mo. 1s. cl.
 Nelson's British Library, Vol. I. 12mo. 1s. cl.
 Poldi's (R.) Persecuted Family, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.; ditto, Ralph Gemmell, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.; ditto, Helen of the Glen, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.
 Piquet Book (The) for Flute, Violin, &c. oblong. 3s. cl.
 Richardson's (M. A.) Local Historian's Table Book, Historical Division, Vol. V. royal 8vo. 9s. cl.; ditto, Legendary Division, Vol. III. (completing the work), royal 8vo. 9s. cl.
 Robinson's (J.) Surgical, Mechanical, and Medical Treatment of the Teeth, post 8vo. 10s. cl.
 Shakespeare (Text of Stevens and Malone), new edit. 8vo. 12s. cl.
 Short Love, a Poem, by the late J. Wilson, Esq. 5th edit. fc. 8vo. 1s.
 Smart's Walker's Pronouncing Diet. Appendix to, 8vo. 3s. 6d. swd.
 Todd's (Rev. Dr.) Six Discourses on the Apocalypse, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
 Topic (The), Vol. I. small 4to. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Wilson's (R.) Interrogative English Grammar, fc. 1s. 6d. swd.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Torre del Greco.

THERE is no port on the Bay of Naples which presents so bustling a scene at this season of the year as Torre del Greco. Hundreds, I may say thousands, of mariners are now here, assembled from various parts of the coast, dressed out in their rich Phrygian caps and scarlet sashes, ready to start for the coral fishery. At last, the weather begins to brighten—the tempestuous sirocco and the roistering tramontana retire within their caves; and, a favourable breeze springing up, soon they "are upon the Mediterranean flote," in little detachments according to their destination. What lamentations may then be heard amongst mothers, or wives, or sweethearts, who have thronged down to Torre to take a last farewell! But courage!—a mass has been said, or a candle offered to the Madonna; and now, to complete the "buoni augurij," these loving companions throw a handful of sand after the receding bark,—exclaiming, "*Possa andare come una nave degli angeli.*" Having lately been in the midst of these scenes, and interested myself in the details of this profitable branch of commerce, I send you what may be called the statistics of the coral fishery.

The coral fishery is a source of more profit than is, perhaps, generally known; and is attended with hardships, the bare thought of which might diminish some of that natural vanity with which the fair one contemplates the glowing ornaments that repose upon and contrast with her white bosom. I was standing on the *marina*, when I witnessed such a scene as I have described—a party of gaily dressed mariners, accompanied by women weeping and wailing as our Northern females know not how to do. Their short and simple story was soon learnt; and the particulars I now send you, as the result of my inquiries.

Torre is the principal port in the south of Italy for the vessels engaged in the coral fishery—about 200 vessels setting out from hence every year. They have generally a tonnage of from 7 to 14 tons, and carry from 8 to 12 hands; so that about 2,000 men are engaged in this trade,—and, in case of an emergency, would form a famous *corps de reserve*. They generally consist of the young and hardy and adventurous, or else the wretchedly poor; for it is only the bold spirit of youth, or the extreme misery of the married man, which would send them forth upon this service. For two or three months previous to the commencement of the season, many a wretched mariner leaves his starving family, and, as a last resource, sells himself to the proprietor of one or other of these barks; receiving a *caparra* (earnest-money), with which he returns to his home. This, perhaps, is soon dissipated, and he again returns and receives an addition to his *caparra*; so that, when the time of final departure arrives, it not unfrequently happens that the whole of his scanty pay has been consumed, and the improvident or unhappy rogue has some months of hard labour in prospect, without the hope of another *grano* of compensation. Nor does the proprietor run any risk in making this prepayment; for as the mariner can make no engagement without presenting his passport perfectly *en règle*, he is under the surveillance of a vigilant police. The agreement between the parties is made from the month of March to the Feast of San Michele (29th September) for vessels destined for the Barbary coast,—and from March to the Feast of the Madonna del Rosario (October 2) for those whose destination is nearer home. Each man receives from 20 to 40 ducats, according to his age or skill, for the whole voyage; whilst the captain receives from 150 to 400 ducats—reckoning 6 ducats to 1*l.* sterling. These preliminaries being settled, let us imagine them now on full wing,—some for the coast of Barbary, and others for that of Sardinia, or Leghorn, or Civita Vecchia, or the Islands of Capri, San Pietro, or Ventotene, near which I have often seen them, hour after hour, and day after day, dragging for the treasures of the vasty deep. On arriving at the port nearest to the spot where they mean to fish, the "carte" are sent in to the Consul; which they are compelled to take again on return. A piastre is paid by each vessel for the magic indorsement of his Eccellenza—another to the druggist, and another to the medical man; whilst the captain, to strengthen his power, and to secure indemnity in case of some

of those gentle excesses which bilious captains are sometimes apt to commit, has generally on board some private "regalo" for his Consul. The next morning perhaps they push out to sea, and commence operations; not to return that evening, or the next, or the next, but to remain at sea for a fortnight or a month at a time, working night and day without intermission. The more humane captains allow half their crews to repose from Ave Maria to midnight, and the other half from midnight to the break of day; others allow only two hours' repose at a time; whilst some, again, allow no regular time;—"so that," said a poor mariner to me, "we sleep as we can, either standing, or as we haul in the nets." Nor do they fare better than they sleep: for the whole time they have nothing—literally nothing—but biscuit and water; whilst the captain, as a privileged person, has his dish of dried beans or haricots boiled. Should they, however, have a run of good luck, and put into port once in 15 days or so, they are indulged with a feast of macaroni. These privations make it rather rough work, it must be confessed, for a mariner,—especially when it is remembered that it lasts seven months; but if to this be added the brutality of the captains, whose tyranny and cruelty, as I have heard, exceeds anything that has ever been recounted to me before, we have a combination of sufferings which go far to justify the description given to me of this service by one engaged in it, as being an "Inferno terrestre."

Now let us view them at work. Every vessel carries about 12 contaj (a contajo being 200 pounds) of hemp to make the nets, which are changed every week. They are about 7 or 10 palmi in width, and 100 or 120 palmi in length,—worked very loosely, and with large meshes. On being thrown into the sea, the vessel is put before the wind, or else propelled by oars, until these loosely-formed nets have fastened upon a rock. Then comes the tug of war. If they have great good fortune, they will take a piece of 2 or 3 rotoli at a haul (a rotolo being 33 ounces), though this is a rare occurrence. In its natural state, the coral is either white or red, or even black externally, from the action of the sea. The white is very rare and very precious; comparatively a small quantity being sufficient to make a good voyage,—especially if it be taken "ingrosso," when it will fetch as high as 100 ducati, or more, the rotolo. The red "a minuto" is not very valuable; but if it is "scelta" and "ingrosso," it can be sold for from 25 up to 60 ducati the rotolo. As a rule, however, the round-shaped coral is much more valuable than the tree or the spiral coral.

Full fathoms five thy father lies;
 Of his bones are coral made;

So sang Ariel; without, I suppose, intending to lay down any rule as to the depth at which coral may be found. Indeed, it is found at all depths, from 12 to 16 palmi up to 150, or even more. At last, arrives the Feast of San Michele, or of the Madonna del Rosario. As soon as the day dawns, the nets are slackened; no man will work more, even if treasures are in prospect. So, pushing into land, and taking up their "carte," away they set on their return—many as poor as when they departed; some with a few ducats in "sacco," and a new Phrygian cap, or dashing sash, or some article of finery, for the "inamorata,"—all, however, being thoroughly tired out, and injured perhaps in constitution. The cargo being deposited in the "magazzin" of the merchant, is sold out to the retail merchants, who flock in from Naples and elsewhere; and is soon transformed into numerous articles of ornament or superstition—crosses, amulets, necklaces and bracelets. And now, these mariners have a long repose, till the Spring comes round and sends them out again on this odious service,—though there are very few who make two or three consecutive voyages of this nature. Many vessels are lost in the season; owing to their long-continued exposure to all kinds of weather, and to their lying in amongst the coral reefs. However prosperous the voyage, life aboard the vessels "*à la vita d'uno cane.*" Yet the service may be regarded as one of the most important in the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies; as well for the wealth it annually brings in, as also for the school it offers for training hardy, well-disciplined mariners.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Invitations have been issued by the Lord Mayor to various parties, to meet, at dinner, on the 10th inst. (in the terms of the card) "the Presidents of the Royal and other distinguished Scientific and Literary Institutions"—an invitation, which we think well deserving a few words of remark. It is greatly to the honour of this dignitary to have thus taken the initiative in the recognition of Literature and Science as a distinct body—a corporate existence—in the State. This is a very different thing from the entertainment of individuals, however distinguished in the several intellectual walks;—it is the entertainment of Literature and Science, themselves, as Powers, represented by their official ministers. The idea is a noble one;—and the City, from whence it comes, is, itself, honoured by it, in the person of its Mayor. Seeing the incalculable effect which these things have had on all the forms of human existence, and all the arrangements of modern society—the immense influence which they exercise—and the conspicuous manner in which they are recognized by the nations around us—it may be wondered at that this sort of dignified Personality has not been long since assigned them; and, without the slightest derogation to the enlightened City which has thus led the way in "doing the honours" to the great civilizing principles, we may be allowed further to wonder that such an example should have had to come from the East. It will spread, however. His Lordship has initiated a larger and more important movement—not than he foresees, for he to whom this idea occurred was the man to foresee all its consequences—but than may appear, at the first glance, to ordinary observers. It is true that, since Literature and Science have been able to wield their vast influences amongst us without such honours as an English court and English cabinets have no disposition to bestow, the former may do well, as it should seem, without the latter. But the fact is, that Science and Literature have an interest in being honoured, in their generation,—while the society in which they exist has a greater that they should be so. The elevation of these things to their natural place and prominence attaches a responsibility, which is felt by the humblest member of their several Faculties; and the dignity conferred on the body acts on the character of the individual, in a manner of which society has the ultimate benefit. The time is, no doubt, coming, (judging from all the moral aspects of the world) when, even in aristocratic England, it will be felt that the dignities and titles in which intellect, as intellect, is allowed to share, are themselves honoured by the association:—but, meantime, much of that looseness of which the literary character furnishes occasional examples, is chargeable to the anomalous condition which our society assigns to Literature—or would, at least, be, probably, redeemed by the attribution of dignity to the calling—if it may be so named. If there be a country which, more than all others, should confer its highest honours on Literature and Science, it is surely England; which, in the name of the first, shines to the uttermost places of the world,—and, by means of the last, travels to them and enriches herself with their bounties. This worthy thought of the present Lord Mayor is the beginning of such an end. It will set an assured mark upon his own Mayoralty:—and an assemblage of more interest than that which will gather round his board on the 10th instant has never (in the view of the matter which we take) met to banquet at the Mansion House.

On Saturday last, a meeting was held in the new Hall at King's College, on the subject of providing a larger hospital than that now existing in connexion with the Institution—to which subject we have already called the attention of our readers. The amount of subscriptions announced reached the sum of 2,500*l.*—including a munificent one of 500*l.* from Miss Burdett Coutts.—A sum of 2,000*l.* has been bequeathed by the late Mr. Holloway, of Hereford, to the Council of University College, to be by them applied for its benefit according to their own discretion.—We may mention, in this paragraph, that a People's College, on the plan of the Institution at Sheffield, in which 1,000 pupils are now instructed, has been commenced, it is stated, at Nottingham.—We may state, too, that Lord John Russell is to take the chair on Wednesday evening next,—at the Rotunda in the Blackfriars-road—of a meeting to be held

for the purpose of establishing a Literary, Scientific, and Mechanics' Institution, which will be called the "Surrey Athenæum."

Sir Robert Peel has, it is said, recommended Mr. McCulloch to the Queen for a pension of 200*l.*, in recognition of the services which he has rendered to political economy:—and we may mention, too, while speaking of the rewards conferred on such merit as comes within the purview of the *Athenæum*, by the retiring Minister, that we find the name of Sir Moses Montefiore in the batch of baronets just gazetted—the well-earned reward of his labours in the cause of humanity; not the least conspicuous (and we trust effectual) of which has been his late generous expedition to the foot of the Russian autocrat's very throne, in behalf of his oppressed coreligionists.

The papers announce the death, at Woolwich, of Mr. Marsh, the chemist—whose name has acquired a European celebrity, as the inventor of the test for arsenic now generally used in medical jurisprudence.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. James Allen, late editor of the *South Australian Register*, delivered, at Crosby Hall, a lecture on Adelaide—being the first of a series of three which he has announced on the subject of South Australia. The lectures are illustrated by dissolving views,—representing the various streets and public buildings of Adelaide and the surrounding scenery; and are intended, as he states, to remove the prejudices existing in the public mind against the settlement. Mr. Allen mentioned that only eight years ago, Adelaide, which is now a flourishing town with a population of 8,000 and a harbour of great importance,—was a mere grassy plain, covered by the few mud cabins and straggling tents of a mere handful of settlers.

Mr. Halliwell, we are informed, has been restored to the privilege of the Reading-room at the British Museum; and the prompt action of the Trustees in this matter under present circumstances, will, we doubt not, put their whole proceedings in reference to the same in its right light before those who have been disposed to censure them. The facts for their justification lie in a narrow and intelligible compass. These Trustees bought indirectly from Mr. Halliwell a variety of manuscripts; some of which—as many, we believe, as eight—were claimed by Trinity College, Cambridge, as having been abstracted from its Library,—to which Mr. Halliwell had particular access. On the same presumptions as were here inevitable, any private gentleman, to whom the case had occurred, would have shut his door against the party standing in this awkward relation to the transaction—in the direct line of the irregular transfer;—and the Trustees are more urgently bound to take all needful precautions, as custodians for the public. At the same time, their corporate and public character gave to the exclusion, in this case, a judicial air, which no body can be permitted to exercise on mere presumptions; and properly restrains in their hands the exercise of that discretion which a private individual would have freely indulged—even while it renders it, for other reasons, more necessary. The Museum, holding the manuscripts, could make no move for clearing up the matter; and it did what only it could, by excluding Mr. Halliwell from its Library till some of those who were sufferers by the transaction should provide the opportunity for a satisfactory explanation, on his part, of his share therein. Our readers well know that such explanations as that gentleman has yet given are wholly insufficient; but the action brought by Trinity College against the Museum, for the recovery of the manuscripts in question—in which Mr. Halliwell must have been an important witness—presented an occasion on which the matter would be thoroughly sifted, and that gentleman's future position in reference to it finally determined. So long, then, as the proceedings were continued, Mr. Halliwell's exclusion was properly—and, we think, necessarily—maintained: but Trinity College having, at the last moment, for reasons which we need not here examine, renounced their action, the Trustees of the Museum at once withdrew from an attitude which must, therefore, have been one of condemnation, on their part, without proof,—and announced to Mr. Halliwell the restoration of his suspended privilege.

We learn that four Jesuits—Bishop Casolani, and Fathers Ryllo, Knoblica, and Vinco—are about to

leave Rome, on a journey of exploration and civilization in Soudan. Casolani and Ryllo will start from Cairo, in January next—having previously obtained a firman from Constantinople; and proceeding through Upper Egypt, Nubia, and thence by Kordofan and Darfour, they hope to reach Bornou, and meet there their brethren, who travel by way of Tripoli and Mouryok. Should they be fortunate enough so to meet, it will then be determined which route shall further be followed. They have determined, as we are informed, to accomplish what they have undertaken, or perish in the attempt. From the high character of all the parties, great hopes are entertained of the result of this journey. Bishop Casolani is a Maltese by birth; a man of extensive learning, speaking the Arabic with the greatest fluency, and having an intimate knowledge of the manners and customs of the East. Father Ryllo, by birth a Pole, is well known as the medium by which the nuns of Minsk communicated their misfortunes to the world. His lengthened residence in Syria gave him great influence with the Druzes; which excited the jealousy of the French, and caused them to procure his expulsion from Syria.

The great congress of Temperance Societies which we, some time since, announced, is now holding in the Swedish Capital. One hundred and thirty-two national and foreign associations are there represented; and the King, as president of the Stockholm Society, with his Queen, was present at the opening meeting.—We may again remind our readers that the fourteenth session of the Scientific Congress of France will be held, at Marseilles, on the 1st of September next; and the managing committee desire to attract the attention of foreign scientific men to the programme of their proceedings, which they have just published.

The Royal Academy of Medicine in Paris has elected M. Malgaigne to the vacant chair of the late Baron Larrey.

Our last published particulars relating to the South American Expedition of Count Castelnau, left that enterprising traveller and his companions at Chuquisaca. A further report just addressed by him to the Minister of Public Instruction, and dated at the end of January last, gives the following details of their further progress:—"From that town (Chuquisaca) we proceeded to Potosi, famed for its silver mines,—so rich once, so fallen now. For five-and-twenty leagues from thence, our road lay through the most difficult passes of the Andes; inhabited only by the gigantic condor. The road afterwards improves; and, once on the great Bolivian table-land, is perfectly flat as far as La Paz,—though traversing a barren region, where the rarefaction of the air, occasioned by the great elevation, causes the painful sensation known under the name of *sarrache*. These vast tracts of table-land abound in large herds of llamas and merinos,—the latter wild. Passing by Oruro, we reached La Paz,—where the ambulant government of Bolivia was established. The anniversary of the battle of Ingari was being here celebrated. On arriving at the shores of Lake Titicaca, we saw the celebrated ruins of the ancient palace of the Incas of Tiaguanaco. One of the gateways is an admirable piece of workmanship, and we made various drawings of it. We entered Peru by the bridge of Desaguadero. Having reached Puno amidst violent and incessant storms of snow and hail, I deemed it advisable to relinquish for the moment our intended route to Cuzco; preferring to proceed along the coast to Lima, with the intention of returning to Cuzco after the rainy season. I therefore took the direction of Arequipa,—whence I proceeded to Lima. When we shall have taken the rest we so much need, we will turn our steps towards Cuzco; whence we will endeavour to rejoin the Amazon river, by embarking on the Apurimac. This will take us across the whole length of the Pampa del Sacramento,—and presents many dangers. I take the liberty of sending you a list of the different objects forwarded for the Museum of Natural History."—We may add, here, that the Committee appointed, by the Academy of Sciences, to examine into the results obtained by the Abyssinian expedition of M. Rocher d'Héricourt, has reported them to be of great interest, and recommended their publication. I recommend further that that gentleman's zeal, knowledge, and skill in the use of his astronomical, magnetic, and meteorological instruments, shall be employed in some new and distant expedition.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.
—Admission, (free)

BRITISH MUSEUM.
The Gallery, No. 1, is now open.
Catalogue, 1s.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.
The Forty-third Annual Exhibition, will close, on the 10th inst.
Catalogue, 6d.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF ARTS.
The Twenty-first Annual Exhibition, will close, on the 10th inst.
Catalogue, 6d.

DIORAMA, &c.
NINTHANCE.—The residence of the late Lord of the Manor, is now open to the public.
Catalogue, 6d.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.
The Evening Lecture, on the subject of the "Effects of the Sun's Rays on the Human Body," will be given, on the 10th inst.
Catalogue, 6d.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS.
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Catalogue, 6d.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.
The EXHIBITION of the ROYAL ACADEMY is NOW OPEN.
Admission, (from Eight o'clock till Seven) 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.
HENRY HOWARD, R.A., Sec.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL MALL.
The Gallery, with a SELECTION of PORTRAITS of EMINENT
PERSONS, is NOW OPEN from Ten till Six.—Admission, 1s.;
Catalogue, 1s. **WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.**

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.
THE FORTY-SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION NOW OPEN,
 at their Gallery, 5, PALL MALL EAST, each day from 9 till dusk.
WILL CLOSE, SATURDAY NEXT, July 11.—Admittance, 1s;
c.-colours, 6d. **J. W. WRIGHT, Sec.**

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.
The TWELFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, at
their GALLERY, FIFTY-THREE, Pall Mall.—Admission, 1s.;
Catalogue, 6d. JAMES FAHEY, Sec.

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAYS.
DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—REDUCED PRICE OF ADMITTANCE.—Now OPEN, with a highly interesting exhibition, representing the CALE and TOWN of HEIDELBERG (formerly the residence of the Electors Palatine of the Rhine) under the various aspects of Winter and Summer, Mid-day and Evening; and the exterior view of the CATHEDRAL of NOTRE DAME at Paris, as seen at Sunset and by Moonlight, and which has been so universally admired. Both pictures are now open to the public, and are open from 10 o'clock to 5 o'clock, and admittance to view both Pictures is gratuitous, as heretofore.

[illegible]

SOCIETIES

ROYAL SOCIETY.—*June 18.*—The Marquis of Northampton, President, in the chair.—J. W. Gilbert Esq., J. Liddell, M.D., and A. J. Sutherland, M.D. were elected Fellows. The following papers were read.—‘On the Peculiarities of Fætal Digestion,’ by G. Robinson, M.D.—‘On a curious Phenomenon seen at Sea off Kyook Phyooy,’ by Capt. Williams, R.N.—‘Experiments relative to Animal Temperature,’ by R. Rigg, Esq.—‘On the relative Dynamic Value of the Degrees of the Compass,’ by Sir G. Haughton.—‘On the Fossil Remains of Foraminifera in Chalk,’ by Dr. Mantell.—‘Electro-Physiological Researches,’ by Carlo Matteucci, (4th Memoir).—‘Contributions to Terrestrial Magnetism,’ No. 8, by Col. Sabine.—‘Microscopic Observations on the so called vapours of water as existing in the Vapours of Steam and in Clouds,’ by Dr. Waller.—‘On the Relation of the Magnetic and Chemical Forces and the Influence of Magnetism on a Voltaic Current,’ by R. Hunt, Esq.—‘On the Extractive Material of Urine,’ by E. Ronalds, Esq.—‘On the Electric Fluid,’ by W. F. Stevenson, Esq.—‘On Phlogiston,’ by W. F. Stevenson, Esq.—‘Description of a Method of registering Magnetic Variations,’ by C. Brooke, Esq.—‘On the Motion of Gases,’ by Prof. Graham.

The Society then adjourned over the long vacation.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.
SAT. Zoological Society.—Gardens.
MON. Entomological Society, 8.

FINE ARTS

BRITISH INSTITUTION—ANCIENT MASTERS.
[Concluding Notice.]

Let us resume, in order to end our analysis. There are few portraits by *Reynolds* of much merit, we have said, beside the 'Rodney,' and 'Himself,' exhibited here a short time since. 'John Hunter' was, in its day, perhaps one of his finest, so far as the mean-looking intellectuality of the man admitted: for if mental and moral endowments be the noblest of nobilities, still noble forms and features rank high among them, too,—the presence or absence of these increasing or diminishing the claimant's pretensions upon other scores. That shallow and pitiful apophthegm of Pope,—

An honest man's the noblest work of God,—
is a mere grandmother's maxim; nothing more profound than a horn-book should contain such Tommy Goodchild trash, or a Shenstone's Schoolmistress teach it. Indeed, we think the wisdom very doubtful, let alone the "correctness," which tells this and similar, pious falsehoods, to any age, and with any however well-meant purpose: the child grows up, soon discovers

what a little fool he was made, suspects his whole stock of maxims, the sensible and the absurd together,—peradventure, in the plenitude of his manish disdain for domestic lessons, nick-names even truths as old and as solid as the hills *grannysims*; and thus loses all reverential feeling towards his seniors,—nay, imbibes the reverse both towards them and more sacred authorities. The best truths and the worst lies are learned at the knee; but a grannysim, be it ever so venerable there, becomes ridiculous when philosophers and professed moralists, like Pope and Dr. Johnson, re-echo it. Sir Joshua, we conjecture, saw that his portrait of Hunter required somewhat besides an air of goodness to elevate its character; he threw into it the loftiest intellectual look which its shrewd and subtle expression could pretend to assume. If God's patent of nobility were not stamped on those hard, granite features, the more need to emblazon it in the clear-eyed, up-turned glance:—

Like reflex pure of crystal spars,
Or gleam of poet's eyes,
That catch heaven's lustre from the stars,
And lightning from the skies.

Remark how peculiarly apprehensive the glance is, to characterize a *discoverer*. This work, once splendidly coloured, seems now freckled all over: its cracked surface resembles the bark of a tree covered with yellow-brown lichen. Nature has an advantage above Art seldom noticed—her productions are beautiful to the last, ay, till, and after, they have fallen into rubbish! Again, 'Lord Chief Justice Mansfield' looks rank from the very richness of its colours, now become a *pot pourri*—a layer of tinted creams curdling and clotting themselves over the canvas. Yet this even enhances the indelible character given to old Mansfield. Here sits our leg Wizard; native craftiness, sharpened by long experience into a kind of supernatural intelligence, peeps through his small, puckered eyes, and plays about his lips with an acrid but humorous smile, as if he said—twist the knot of subtleties till you entangle yourself, it can never ensnare me! New wrinkles obliterate the grooves inscribed on the bark of a tree; but the additional corrugation of the present picture's coating, from age and decay, rather strengthens the primitive lines expressive of senile sagacity. 'Admiral Keppel' and 'Captain Buckle' are painted thin, and so have stood better,—yet want power: we do not mean want appropriate character. Keppel has quite a gunpowder aspect; and that left hand rammed into the breeches-pocket is such an English way of clenching it under the rose when it means a blow without any bombastic menace! His flag-captain, too, 'speaks plain cannon;' and by his imperturbable attitude and his bullet-head of the heaviest metal, brings to mind a great gun placed upright, with its ball atop, for a gate-post. We prefer this rough individualism far beyond the refined commonplace of Sir Joshua's 'Boscawen,' who looks the old courtier rather than the admiral, and turns his back upon the ocean like a prudent gentleman decided to make it no scene of his exploits. Nevertheless, his portrait appears to be a sound, good piece of workmanship. Reynolds painted many illustrious and eminent persons,—or persons that became illustrious and eminent from his having painted them. We cannot say 'Doctor Beattie' belongs to either class, despite his 'Essay on Truth,' his mawkishest of all poetic moralities, 'The Minstrel,' and his portraitist's laudable efforts to allegorize him into a favourite of the gods whom they themselves defended. Here, Truth drives away, with her fair little fist, the demons of falsehood he had attacked; and his blank visage would indicate he very much wanted her assistance. It would never have done to throw his Book at them, as Mad Tom did his head at the fiends *Modo and Mahu!* In fact, the good Doctor was no heaven-born *malleus hereticorum*; albeit, like a flying-fish, he made great efforts above his element and his level—the shallows of poetry. Yet his book must have been powerful after a fashion, for it appears to have inspired the painter; a kindred feebleness of conception, character, and colour distinguishes his portrait.

'Mrs. Abinger as the Comic Muse' is one of those full-length females standing among trees, which are called fine portraits by common consent; and we admit their merit, but cannot feel much care about them. Our celebrated actress holds a mask, and leans on her elbow,—the receipt to make a dramatic Muse

Abington's own character has vanished into allegorical vapidity,—and so makes her a Goddess! We should rather have her here what she was,—a merry-faced lass who had strayed if not erred; for whether glad or "sad good Christian at the heart," she would be worth an entire Olympus-full of modern pagan deities. 'William, Duke of Cumberland,' fills a larger space in the painter's than the historian's canvas,—and fills it better, too!

‘Pitt,’ by Gainsborough, is a curious specimen of execution rather finical, producing broad effect far off. Yet we don’t much like these tricks, however successful; the united style of touch we grant the best, because truest to Nature, whose touches are union itself; but it must be carried out, or the *per colpo* style excels it beyond measure. Especially will the false-united disappoint when it has the air of a stratagem to surprise; and most especially when employed on a dignified portrait. Even though all Prime Ministers were mountebanks, such an august one as Mr. Pitt demands a more respectful treatment from the limner than to make his very painted semblance enjoin the public still. Otherwise, this work does the high-minded statesman justice. ‘Admiral Howe’ is in Gainsborough’s free manner; those immense shoe-buckles, we cannot tell why, give our old sea-captain a wonderfully sterling character—indeed, between these bullion-like ornaments and the cocked-hats, our pump-shod paraders of the quarter-deck, with their chapeaus, cut a poor enough figure.

"Admiral the Earl St. Vincent," by *Hoppper*; a very well painted characteristic likeness,—and wants nothing but Reynolds's idealism in colour or expression, or composition, to raise it from a mere biographical into a historical portrait. 'Nelson' inspired what nature had begrudged, and Hoppper produced a far nobler work, albeit less manually skilful. England's war-worn, heart-wounded hero, his form shattered, yet looking even attractive thro' dint of his disfigurements—more endeared to her on account of them than if he were a Hyperion—this admirable resemblance depicts him such as he was, when his own intellectual and moral grandeur idealized him,—threw forth his inmost spirituality which the artist caught and fixed upon his exterior. He looks a living holocaust—a sacrificer of himself limb after limb for his country—that same England, half-grateful till he had immolated her saviour altogether? Would she now accept a *Bonaparte* in lieu of him? We doubt it! This portrait is now a shrine, where she offers up love and admiration and sighs of regret and repentance. We ourselves could never behold the wretchedest print of it without emotion.

'Lord Chancellor Thurlow,' by *Romney*, exhibits force and able treatment; but the woollack which cherishes legal genius in the sitter appears to smother pictorial in the portraitist. 'Lord Eldon,' by *Owen*, exhibits none of the other's power, and double its heaviness. 'Lord Stowell,' by *ditto*, may be a flock or two less oppressive—yet the long fleecy wig has a kindred effect to that of the woollack. 'Archbishop Herring' by *Hogarth*; portrayed with much elegance, and a softness which makes you think his Grace's person was of lawn as well as his sleeves. 'Georgell II.' by *Pine*; the figure not ill painted, and very life-like. It represents just the mean little old man who felt the Great Commoner's majestic presence dethrone him at the council-board. He stands infirmly upon those miserable legs; and scarce seems to think the kingdom his,—though somewhat of a Dettingen spirit about his left hand, grasping his sword-pommel, says the little man would fight for it, would but those same miserable legs support him. We have mentioned *Lawrence's* works—weak or immature: 'William IV.' and 'Lord Liverpool,' when both young, have a vigour of character which his later, refined productions seldom attained. We are now come to the most modern 'ancient master' of all—*Phillips*; whose four performances occupy the chief places in this synagogue of portraits, at the head of the principal room. Wherefore thus preferred above the heads of 'Gainsborough,' 'Hoppner,' 'Opie,' by these respective painters, and 'Washington,' by *Stuart*, perhaps the laws of hanging can explain. Not one is equal to the worst of those specified—every one, save 'Crabbe,' which has a quiet, observant air, attitudinizes after the commonplace fashion of Royal Academy portraits. 'Byron' looks as if painted from a hair-

Whether Keying is tall or short it is impossible, from this picture, to tell,—as the painter has not put the figure into perspective. That personage, however, has a forehead of extraordinary massiveness, a large aquiline nose, and very small eyes; and would seem, moreover, to be corpulent to obesity. His dress is so magnificent, and its treatment has evidently been so reverential, that the spectator at once recognizes a man of rank;—but, except from the breadth and solidity of the brow, it would not be easy to infer that the original possesses the great powers, and is informed by the large and enlightened principles, which are attributed to him. The portrait of the lady is about one-fourth of the size of life. She is heaped on the ground, in the usual Chinese style—is pretty, despite the breadth of her nose—has an arm so exquisitely turned that even the Chinese artist would appear to have relished it—and looks as lackadaisically conscious of her charms as if she resided in Belgrave Square. On the left of the portrait of Keying, is suspended a copy of his petition to his master for the toleration of Christianity. The whole is a scene that will furnish ample food for meditation.

M. Claudet's Daguerreotype Portraits.—A Daguerreotype portrait that could truly be pronounced a flattering likeness, we certainly never expected to see; that phenomenon, however, was presented to us on recently visiting the establishment of M. Claudet, at the Adelaide Gallery—not in the coloured works only, but in the genuine and unaltered performances of Nature. A single glance at the collection was sufficient to reveal the cause of this successful result. The mind of an artist had been at work, though his hand was inert. The conditions of light, of position, and, to some extent, of costume, had been studied, with reference to the individuality of each original; and thus each was imaged under picturesque circumstances, instead of—as ordinarily we have found it—under circumstances which, if not adverse, could not contribute, to the production of a picture. While he has thus endeavoured to infuse an artistic feeling into these works,—and so, to quicken the photographic ray with human taste and fancy,—M. Claudet has not neglected the scientific portion of his task. The force and distinctness are unsurpassed. Of the coloured portraits, we can also speak in terms of commendation. Not only do they no longer exhibit persons who seem to have been taking nitrate of silver, but the tints are fresh and almost glowing. M. Mansion, the gentleman who puts on colours after the photographic process has been completed,—has produced a miniature of the Duke of Wellington, that shows him to be a real artist.

THE CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

Cologne, June 18.

BEFORE the Germans, incited by the example of the King of Prussia, began to take up the matter so warmly as they have lately done, one of your correspondents (*Ath.* No. 509) wrote with animation and interest on the subject of the works executing at the Cathedral of Cologne—undertaken to redeem what poor Hood so poetically called a “broken promise to God.” The nine years which have since elapsed have done wonders;—opened many a journal besides yours to the subject,—enlarged progressively the interest of Europe in an undertaking, the accomplishment of which need no longer be considered a chimera,—and added largely to the funds provided. The Cologne gentlemen and Herr Zwirner, the gifted and indefatigable architect, now say with confidence that, in twenty-five years the *Dom* may be completed, even to the spires;—and this, not in bravado, but from calculation, based upon present progress. To the tourist, approaching the building at railway speed, who sees, as yet, no appreciable diminution in the enormous gap betwixt the choir and the crane on the western tower—such promise seems an extravagance; but they who have had the privilege of looking into the details, in company with the architect, may admit the possibility of the feat.

In two years, as Herr Zwirner showed us, the nave, aisles, and transepts of the Cathedral may be thrown open—not, in truth, to the entire height; but complete to a level above the clerestory windows. The vaulting of the side-aisles will be then completed; and a temporary roof will be easily placed over the

central portion,—leaving, within, the upper part of the walls, vaults, &c. to be raised:—without, the flying buttresses, pinnacles, and other garnitures are a more serious business. The raising of the transept walls to their present important height, Herr Zwirner assured us, was a heavier two years' task than what remains to be done in realization of a scheme so attractive to the fancy. Moreover, the casual visitor is little aware of the vast collection of ornamental sculptures, ready to be placed, which the workshops contain. The canopies round the retreating portal of the northern transept are already fixed: the capitals of the pillars of the clerestory gallery are waiting, by the score. Let not my statement mislead any one into imagining a case of *manufacture*. The old capricious variety of fancies in ornament has been as religiously carried out as every other intimation of the nameless architect's intention. The small grotesque figures at the angles of the canopies aforesaid (which are merely shelters for statues of saints, angels, &c.) are as minutely finished and whimsically diversified as if they could be seen without the aid of an opera-glass when they shall be raised to their destined position. The foliage, again, of the capitals has the sharpness of the best period of cutting. No two devices are alike. The stone used for these more delicate portions is of peculiarly fine and close quality—from Rochemont. Nothing seems slighted or overlooked; and the workmen, of course, become more skilful as they proceed, and fuller of spirit and invention. A growing confidence that all this labour is not to be in vain as regards the grand result, probably animates those who have contributed to a scheme so magnificent, but for a long time deemed so visionary. Windows are beginning to drop in. The King of Bavaria's donation of six for one of the side aisles will be ready in 1848; and then, it is said, the spell is to be broken—the wall thrown down betwixt nave and choir, with splendid festive ceremonies. This will give an immense impetus to popular feeling. I was shown the corner where our Queen's donation is to be placed. When I saw this, and was told of one window contributed by Herr — at a cost of thirty *Friedrichs-dor*, and of another promised by some other enthusiast—a wish arose in my mind, to which you will, perhaps, not object to give currency. Would it not be a pleasant thing to the English artists and lovers of Art to have their memorial in such a building? One of the smaller windows—presuming their zeal unequal to vie with that of Royal donors—might be handsomely compassed for fifty sovereigns; or, let us say—to state the sacrifice more tangibly to those whom I would fan interest—fifty white-bait dinners! Could not so much as this be done, without injustice to any of our own works of art or beneficence? It is true that the offering, when completed, would make little more show than the hatchments or votive tokens which cover the walls and pillars of the Catholic churches abroad; but it would be, still, “*the Englishmen's window*,” for the father to show his son—a token of brotherly kindness and sympathy, especially grateful to such lovers of memorials and celebrations as are our German friends;—who, let me add, are more abundantly irritated by the sneers and exactions of our swarm of vulgar summer tourists, than soothed by the courtesies of the refined and intellectual among us.—At all events, my hint can do no one harm.

FINE ART GOSSIP.—A meeting of patrons and professors of Art and Literature was held, last week, at the chambers of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, to consult on the means of making some provision for the bereaved wife and daughter of the late Mr. Haydon. The sympathies which, too often, it is found impossible to evoke but from a grave, were strong and active on this occasion;—and we hope to communicate them to our readers; that so they may produce, by the help of the latter, such a result as will bring the widow and child clear out of that affecting struggle which destroyed the husband and the father. What was poverty in Haydon's life, has become destitution by his death—the wants remaining, while the sole, though insufficient, resource is gone. Lord Morpeth presided at the Meeting; and among the resolutions passed, the following are those which we desire to bring under the notice of our readers:—“That, without presuming to offer any judgment as

to the place which Mr. Haydon will ultimately fill in the annals of his art, or any opinion on the controversies in which he was sometimes engaged, this meeting feels that the efforts of his genius, and the circumstances of misfortune which obstructed them, justify an expression of public sympathy with his widow and daughter.—That such expression would be most fitly conveyed by securing a permanent provision to his widow and daughter, left wholly destitute by his death; and that a public subscription be opened for that purpose.” A letter was read from Sir R. Peel, announcing that the Queen had granted to Mrs. Haydon a pension of 50*l.*,—and desiring that his own name might be subscribed for 100*l.* to the proposed fund for the family. Lady Peel, it was stated, had assigned a pension of 25*l.* a-year, out of the fund at her disposal which ministered, as our readers will remember, to the support of the blind poetess, Frances Brown. About 400*l.* in all, was subscribed at the meeting; and as it was stated that there were peculiar and pressing circumstances which rendered prompt exertion most necessary, we will only further inform our readers that Lord Morpeth, Sir J. C. Hobhouse, Serjeant Talfourd, and Mr. W. Hamilton, were appointed trustees to receive subscriptions.

Some of our readers know that last year considerable repairs being needed in the Church of St. James, at Westminster,—one of Sir Christopher Wren's most beautiful interiors—the occasion seemed favourable for carrying into execution a desire, long entertained, to decorate the east end of the parish church with a richly painted window. A Committee was, accordingly, appointed,—a subscription set on foot, which, we believe, produced the sum of 1,500*l.*—and a competition for designs proposed, which was carried by Mr. Wailes, of Newcastle. This work has been completed, is now erected in the church,—and will be on private view, to the privileged, this day.

Prince Albert, we find, has subscribed 100*l.* towards the fund now being raised to purchase the model of the Battle of Waterloo from Captain Siborne—the gallant constructor of that work.

General Baron Koller's collection of Greek and Roman coins were sold, last week, by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson; and produced, in general, their full value—having been well described by Mr. Burgon, of the British Museum. Mr. Curt, the antiquarian, was one of the largest purchasers; and obtained, after a strong competition, the rare and fine Syracusan medallion, at 18*l.* 10*s.*—We understand that the sale of the celebrated Campana Collection, which Mr. Curt went to Rome to catalogue, will take place in the latter end of the present month.

The inauguration, at Vienna, of the statue of the late Emperor, was attended with more than the usual ceremonial which accompanies such celebrations—because of the principle which it assumes to consecrate. The day chosen was the 17th ult.—the anniversary of the monarch's entry into Vienna after the Battle of Waterloo; and this statue is considered as representing the Peace-spirit which was established at the Congress there gathered around him, and has been, in the main, preserved to Europe ever since.—A parallelogram forms the base of the monument, and bears on the frontispiece these words, “*Amorem meum populus meus*,”—expressions which are found in the will of the Emperor. On the opposite side is engraved the inscription:—“*Imp. Franciscus I. pio justo forti pacifico patri patriæ Augusto parenti Ferdinandus I. Austria Imp. MDCCCXXXVI.*” A bronze garland surrounds this parallelogram, whose four angles support four bronze statues, representing—Religion, who bears a star on her forehead and presses a crucifix to her bosom,—Peace, who leans on a sword, surrounded by laurels, and holds in the left hand a palm branch,—Justice, with her ordinary attributes, the sword and scales,—and Strength, who holds in the right hand a club resting on the ground, and in the left a shield, adorned with a lion. From the midst of this parallelogram rises an octagonal pedestal, whose base is surrounded with olive and oak garlands in bronze. On each of the eight angles is raised a statue. These eight statues represent Science, Art, Trade, Mining, the Breeding of Cattle, Agriculture, and the Art of War. In the centre of the pedestal are two socles, bearing a platform,—on which is placed the statue of the Emperor, 17½ toises high, and weighing 223 quintals. He holds the

sceptre in his left hand, and stretches his right towards the ground.

The Paris papers mention that a fire in the studio of the eminent landscape-painter, M. Gaspard Lacroix, has destroyed pictures to the value of 30,000 francs:—and that the Committee of Historical Monuments has taken under its protection the Church of Aumale—remarkable at once for its architecture and the sculptures it contains.

A cotemporary publication, *The Builder*, gives some particulars relative to the Royal Medal granted to the Institute of Architects, for the promotion of their art—with which it may interest some of our readers to be acquainted. It has been resolved that this medal shall be applied to the encouragement of the junior members of the profession, by a competition in designs, composed in a style calculated to promote the study of Grecian, Roman, and Italian architecture; and, further, that the designs shall be judged of, not only with reference to their merits as works of Art, but likewise as to the knowledge of construction which they may exhibit. In order to secure, as far as possible, uniformity in the conditions under which the designs are submitted in competition for the royal medal, it has been determined that the age of the competitor shall be limited to twenty-five years,—and that, with this limitation, the competition shall be open to the profession in general. The successful competitor will be further entitled to draw upon the treasurer of the Institute for the sum of 50*l.*, after his arrival in Rome in the pursuit of his professional studies, at any period within five years from the time of the medal having been awarded to him, upon sending to the Institute a satisfactory study of some existing building, either ancient or modern.—The royal gold medal for the present year is to be awarded to the best design for a building suitable to the purposes of the Royal Institute of British Architects: comprising a room for general meetings and lectures, with seats for 350 persons, arranged with a view to the reading of papers, the exhibition of drawings and diagrams explanatory thereof, and for facility of discussion; a council-room for twenty-five members; a library for 10,000 volumes, with suitable depositories for drawings, prints, medals, &c.; a gallery for models, casts, fragments, &c.; an exhibition-room for architectural subjects; and suitable residences for a secretary and a curator. The cost of the building not to exceed 20,000*l.* The design to comprise not less than one plan of each story,—two elevations, two sections, and a perspective view. The scale of the drawings to be one-eighth of an inch to the foot, and to be tinted with Indian ink or sepia only:—and these to be sent in by the 31st of December. Our cotemporary objects—and, we think, with great reason—to a limitation so absolute and technical as that of twenty-five years for the age of the competitors.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

M. JULIEN has the honour to announce, that it is his intention to terminate the series of his CONCERTS D'ÉTÉ with a GRAND BAL MASQUÉ, which will take place on MONDAY, July 20th, 1846. Tickets for the Ball, 1*os*. 6*d*. The prices of admission for spectators (for whom the audience portion of the theatre will, as before, be set apart) will be as on former occasions, viz. Dress Circles, 5*s*.; Boxes, 3*s*.; Lower Gallery, 2*s*.; Upper Gallery, 1*s*. Private Boxes, from 3*s*. 6*d*. upwards. Persons taking Private Boxes will have the privilege of passing to and from the ball-room without extra charge.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The programme of the Eighth Concert was so full of matter for praise and comment, that it is best to transcribe it entire:—

Part I.

Sinfonia in E flat (No. 8)—Beethoven.
Aria, "Liebe ist die zarte Blüthe," Herr Pischek (encored)

Spohr.

Concert Stück, Pianoforte, Madame Pleyel (finale encored)
—C. M. von Weber.
Overture, "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

Part II.

Sinfonia in C minor—Beethoven.
Duetto, "Jenes Grabmal," Miss Birch and Herr Pischek (Agnes)—Paer.
Concerto Violin, Signor Camilla Sivori—Mendelssohn Bartholdy.

Recit. "La Notte fugge,"
Aria, "Si, lo sento," Miss Birch (Faust)—Spohr.
Overture, Der Freyschütz—C. M. von Weber.
Anything more brilliant than this concert we do not recollect. The audience was thoroughly warmed by

the *andante* of Haydn's Symphony (a gem of its kind), never become cold till the very close of the evening. The *encore* of Herr Pischek tells its own tale. Madame Pleyel was enthusiastically received. We do not, however, like her reading of the opening of the Concert Stück. It is forced and conventional—certain tricks of manner (so to say) being employed to do duty for that deep and passionate expression which lies in the composition. Up to this point, in short, the lady's playing of slow movements fails to satisfy us. In the *finale*, which is of a nature to tax the nerves of the pianist to the utmost, she was brilliant, airy, and graceful, and—what is no small evidence of self-command—able to answer the *encore* without the slightest apparent distress. The Overture to the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' was taken too fast; and, from this mistake, though it was played with great precision, a sort of feverish hurry resulted, impairing the picturesque effect intended, as we fancy, by its composer.* On the other hand, we have never heard the Minuet and March of the C minor Symphony so wrought up. In the former movement, the middle parts came out with a clearness and exactitude absolutely introducing us to some new features in a composition every note of which we had conceived we knew by heart. In the latter, the *platoon* force and unity with which the grand chords were taken, brought out, so to say, the majesty of the March to its very highest possible relief.—Any instrumental work which can gain a hearing after so magnificent a piece of inspiration, must have no common vitality. Yet, placed as it was, Dr. Mendelssohn's *Concerto* took entire hold of the public. It is one of the master's happiest works. The principal subject of the first *allegro* in E minor—which, as in the case of Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in G, announces the *tutti*—is graceful and winning,—yet, what a principal subject should be, *large*. Then a most original and admirable effect is produced by the cadence melting off into wide *arpeggi* which brings it back. We must also call attention to the thoroughly Mendelssohnian manner in which the second subject of this *allegro* is cast,—the utter absence of motion in the accompaniments producing a repose almost tantalizing to the ear; and thus, by the happiest and most legitimate device fulfilling the desideratum of contrast. The second movement in C major, ♩ time, is delicious in its melody,—as artless as it is fresh: the *finale* in E major, brilliant and gay,—in that animated style of which the composer gave us his first example in the *finale* to his first Pianoforte Concerto. It is curiously noticeable, that throughout this Violin Concerto, Dr. Mendelssohn is far more exursive, as to fancy of passage, climax, &c., than in the concert music written for his own instrument. There, we sometimes long for a remission of the favourite figure; here, we find changes enough to satisfy the most exacting,—yet without such effect of pattern-card or patchwork, as the *concertos* of professional instrumentalists, to whom their own finger-wonders come far more easily than sound musical thoughts, are apt to exhibit. We never heard so much of the artist—so little of the violinist—in Signor Sivori, as on this occasion. Though his reading be not so broad as that of one of the great German players might be, the ease, the purity, the elegance, and the certainty of his performance leave it questionable whether (striking a balance among different good qualities) we shall ever hear the Concerto done better justice to.—A line must suffice to say that Miss Birch was inspired by the spirit of the evening, and singing her best; another, to tell that Signor Costa was called for, at the close of the concert, cheered by the public, and presented by the Directors with a piece of plate,—well merited by his success in raising these entertainments into something like their old animation and musical prominence.

We have, yet, a few words to add, with regard to the musical value of Signor Costa's conductorship and the future of the Philharmonic Concerts. The

* Let us insist, however, with reference to some remarks in a later paragraph, that the effect of most of Dr. Mendelssohn's overtures hangs upon niceties of tempo, to a degree which is shared by no other music that we know. This has often occurred to us; yet perhaps we should hardly have ventured to record it, had we not heard the Composer himself say, that he had never, even when conducting his own German orchestra, been able to get the Overture to 'Melusine' played entirely to his satisfaction. As we are here among the delicacies of criticism, such an illustration is at once valuable and significant.

state of discipline into which he has brought a band in some respects vexatiously deficient, is denied by none. How the singers, thereby, have found themselves protected, and the solo players supported, must have been obvious to a child; as, also, the incomparable perfection and energy of certain performances. We have observed, too, throughout the season, a diligence, a sensitiveness, a desire thoroughly to enter into every piece of music under treatment, which must end, we think, in a gradual improvement of the readings which have appeared to us mistaken. The amount of these, however, has been singularly small;—the variety of music considered, smaller, we will unhesitatingly assert, than any German would find in the series of the *Conservatoire* performances,—so much narrower as that is in its circle,—so many years older in its discipline. Tried, therefore, by the very severest standards (and these it is fair to apply to model performances) Signor Costa's conductorship—open to improvement in certain works though it be—entitles him to be ranked among the most distinguished and thoroughly-cultivated musicians of Europe. But, to proceed to clause the second of our homily:—Signor Costa's conductorship, like that of every predecessor, has not had fair play. The Philharmonic Society, which, as now current, exists in defiance of its own statutes, calls upon those who work for it to work with imperfect materials. The orchestra contains instruments which would be endured in no other first-class band in Europe; and hence, one part of its execution, so to say, is perpetually jeopardized, to a point which must seriously embarrass any wholesale measures of order or preconceived system of performance. Seeing that this is notorious to every frequenter of the Hanover-square Rooms, and seeing that the Society is compelled to nullify its own regulations at every step,—how, let us ask, can the continued existence of these blemishes be excused? The professed end and aim of the Philharmonic Concerts is progress and love of Art. The latter takes cognizance neither of Old England, nor Young France, nor Middle-Aged Germany; but will have "the best of the best," by whatever means attainable. Any principle less comprehensive leaves room for coterie influence to creep in—gives scope for the sacrifice of permanent to personal interest. Signor Costa possesses courage, no less than skill; his good understanding with the members of the English profession is well known—the result, we believe, of a directness too rare among those in his position. Let us hope, then, that the same energy which makes him conduct so well, may be brought in some manner to bear upon the constitution of a society standing in need of Radical reform; and that the Directors will, with their new prosperity, "get them" new wisdom, and adopt the only measures which can make the season of 1847 excel that of 1846.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—Miss Macrone, who gave her concert yesterday week, has much of the courage which makes, and marks, the Artist. She was not afraid to play Dr. Mendelssohn's Trio in A minor in its right tempo—a rapidity essential, as we have elsewhere pointed out, to the due effect of its composer's music. She produced, moreover, sundry songs of her own writing; in which that ease of idiom which comes very near creative mastery was remarkable. They were not unworthy of being sung by Miss Bassano and Herr Pischek and Holzel. But what says the warning which follows the encouragement as significantly as a lady's postscript.—"Be not too bold!" There is more in the execution of classical music than dash and comprehension of its forms and features—finish, viz., and, for public performance, power; while to attain to "style and title" as a composer, half a hundred requisites are necessary, not dreamed of in the rapture of success and the pleasure of hearing one's own notes sung by such superior artists. Miss Macrone can well afford to hear and to weigh our cautions,—her appearance as pianist and composer having been thoroughly successful. She was further assisted by M. Sainon and Mr. Lucas, by Mr. Lockey, Mr. Bodda, Miss Lincoln—whose Shakespeare songs give a welcome freshness to concert programmes,—and by Madame Thillon. The last lady and Miss Bassano were (or, rather, *Abner* was) encored in the *Bolero à deux*, from 'Les Diamans.' Never were voices more dissimilar bidden to run in thirds:—but how

sparkling is the shake their heads the Duetts a th Since our las of Madame de and of Madam of these, we in nexion" of fri and, therefore without loss Possibly, we h the present ti rate gifts, of c and these can the general l raised.—let the musicians of shadows, d powers, and the cort of Malle. three last reer Mr. Moschele in the right di Beethoven's C sufficiently tes for becoming her being not already a good her execution music sensitiv ticularly evide Beethoven's L Sviroti. Her p in its attractio But the Ber Moscheles' ex claims the mos Thursday, by M among playe challenges pu to his friends a Concerto for a Symphony. has an obviou meeting inter say that the ar are such as w show the pres and these mu urged agains melodies are struction fails of contrast. several comp and a minor) of colouring. movements.— *andante* to the Symphony.—j skill of the w and honourab performer, the Nothing like l ment,—his ex taste is dignifi pality may we Harpers.

HAYMARKET pleasant sort rough Politic Maxton, the As might hav in conception dramas of the simple to a fa (Mr. Webster absent from h he finds a coo house and th woman havin, ject of rival establishment their neighbo vicious proce doctor's lady contest with somewhat the logue alluded

sparkling is the music! Our German friends may shake their heads;—but we should have liked to hear the Duet a third time.

Since our last notice, too, the concerts of *Sig. Emiliani*, of *Madame de Dietz* and *Mlle. Nanny Bochkoltz*, and of *Madame D'Eichthal* have taken place; each of these, we imagine, being aimed at a private "connection" of friends rather than the general public;—and, therefore, to be simply announced as above, without loss to any of the contracting parties. Possibly, we have never been so well provided, as at the present time, with well-cultivated artists (first-rate gifts, of course, not implied in the definition); and these can hardly be current amongst us, without the general level of taste and appreciation being raised.—Let the old amateurs wail as they will, and let the musicians themselves, by their perpetual chasing of shadows, do ever so much to waste their own powers, and the sympathies of their friends.—The concert of *Mlle. Judine* was on a grander scale than the three last mentioned. That this young lady, one of Mr. Moscheles' distinguished pupils, has ambitions in the right direction, her selection, for her *début*, of Beethoven's Concerto in *E* flat, among other pieces, sufficiently testified. She has most of the requisites for becoming a great pianist—plenty of time before her being not the least important—and is indeed already a good one. Her touch is firm and clear, her execution sufficient, and her reading of her music sensitive and expressive. This was particularly evidenced by the manner in which she gave Beethoven's Duet Sonata in *F* (Op. 24), with *Sig. Sivori*. Her programme was, otherwise, most liberal in its attractions.

But the Benefit Concert of the Week—nay (Mr. Moscheles' excepted) of the whole season—which claims the most honourable mention, was that given, on Thursday, by Mr. *Parish Alvars*. Besides being foremost among players on his own instrument, Mr. Alvars challenges public suffrage as a composer who offers to his friends such solid attractions as an Overture—a Concerto for another instrument, not his own—and a Symphony. Better still, Mr. Alvars, as a composer, has an obvious purpose and style, which made the meeting interesting. We do not mean, by this, to say that the ambitious works which he has produced are such as will permanently strike root, but they show the present fruit of individuality and intention; and these must always claim respect. It may be urged against Mr. Alvars, that too often his melodies are tormented, and his taste in construction fails on the side of heaviness and lack of contrast. The predominance of minor keys (his several compositions being in *D* minor, *G* minor, and *A* minor) gave to his concert a further monotony of colouring. Nevertheless, not merely particular movements—witness the opening to the Overture, the *adante* to the Concerto, and the *scherzo* of the Symphony—justify us in praising,—but the general skill of the whole, as bespeaking thorough culture and honourable purpose. Of Mr. Alvars, as a solo performer, there is hardly need once again to speak. Nothing like his tone has been heard on his instrument;—his execution is almost without limit, and his taste is dignified and sober. In a word, the Principality may well be proud of the greatest among its Harpers.

HAYMARKET.—Last Saturday was produced a pleasant sort of psychological drama, entitled 'Borough Politics,' in two acts, from the pen of Mr. Markton, the author of 'The Patrician's Daughter.' As might have been expected, it is more delicate in conception and more graceful in execution than dramas of this calibre usually are. The plot is simple to a fault. A farmer, one *Nathan Thompson* (Mr. Webster), well to do in the world, has been absent from his domicile for a month;—on his return he finds a complete change in the furniture of his house and the costumes of its inmates; his good woman having, in the meantime, carried out a project of rivaling the fashionable elegance of the establishment of one Dr. *Neville* (Mr. Tilbury), their neighbour, and a retired physician. This ambitious proceeding remains not long unrebuked by the doctor's lady (Mrs. Stanley), who enters into a wordy contest with the farmer's wife, in which she gets somewhat the worst of it. The nature of the dialogue alluded to will be guessed, when we state that

it convulsed the house with laughter. Now Dr. *Neville* had been put in nomination as the Mayor of Bumbleton; but, having promoted the inclosure of a common, is in ill odour with the popular party, headed by *Florida* (Mr. Buckstone), the editor of the *Bumbleton Denominator*. This important personage, with his friend, one *Sweetlip* (Mr. Brindal), have solicited the honest farmer to stand for the office in opposition to the *Æsculapian* oracle of the town;—which, however, conscious of his own incompetence, and not wishing to act in an unneighbourly manner to the Doctor, he declined doing;—but, since his dame has been insulted, he changes his mind, and determines to accept the requisition. This psychological transition it is which makes the turning point of the first act. The second, which is in a more serious mood, is occupied with the motives that once more reverse the hero's determination. The son of the doctor and the daughter of the farmer (Mrs. Yarnold) are betrothed. The separation of the families is the ruin of their love. Mrs. *Thompson* is the first to note the effect produced thereby on her dear *Fanny*'s health, and draws her husband's attention to it. It is with difficulty that his excited temper is wrought upon; but natural affection prevails;—and, in the very hour of his triumph, the good-hearted yeoman yields the contest to his more intelligent rival, and secures the happiness of his child. Such are the materials which give rise to the dialogue of this piece; which depends entirely on nature, character and sentiment, combined with good acting. Mr. Webster, Mrs. Glover, and Mrs. Stanley are true to the life;—indeed, no parts could be better suited to them; and Mr. Buckstone was very amusing, though too broadly farcical perhaps. Mrs. Yarnold was somewhat too lachrymose. The author's almost equal power over both "smiles and tears," as shown in the humour of the first act and the pathos of the second, is unquestionable. The announcement of the piece for repetition was received with great applause. Its success is mainly owing to the genuine English feeling and the remarkable *emulation* of the manners portrayed.

On Tuesday, the house was crowded to the ceiling to witness Miss *Cushman's Meg Merrilies*,—which would appear to have become the most popular of her characters. It is, indeed, remarkable, not only for its physical force, but for its picturesque effects and ideal sentiment. The actress avails herself of all legitimate theatrical resources, and exerts her powers to the utmost to realize the conception of the novelist. The materials given in the drama are meagre enough;—but, by judicious emphasis, careful collation, and skilful by-play, Miss *Cushman* presents a histrionic whole which, in its way, is a triumph of Art. The audience acknowledged, by enthusiastic applause, the impression which the mingled energy and pathos of her performance had produced.

LYCEUM.—On Monday was brought out a slight but somewhat laughable farce, in one act, called 'The Loan of a Wife.' *Onesiphorus Lobjort* (Mr. A. Wigan), in order to get money from his uncle (Mr. Frank Matthews), pretends that he is married and reformed;—the lady whom he puts forward, in order to substantiate the claim, turns out to have been a former mistress of the old gentleman; and in this discovery the fun of the piece, such as it is, consists.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.—We have pleasure in announcing the approaching return of the Brussels Company to Drury Lane, as fixed for the 15th of next month. Among its first performances, are announced 'Les Huguenots' and M. Halévy's newest opera, 'Les Mousquetaires de la Reine.' We await the latter with peculiar interest; M. Halévy's music having failed to produce any effect on this side of the Channel, with the solitary exception of the couplets from the 'Lazzarone,' which *Mlles. Dorus* and *Thillon* sing so charmingly, and the Romance from 'Guido.' But the author's best things have never come to trial here; and 'Les Mousquetaires' passes for his most popular work, after 'La Juive.' Much do we wish, too, that the Belgian Company would give us a *Boulevard* (not *Haymarket*) version of 'Le Domino Noir,'—an opera as little understood here, as was Rossini's 'Barber of Seville,' when the *Cynthia* of our opera stage was allowed, by its then musical director, to sing 'Nid noddin' in the music-lesson scene,

It is said, on good authority, that the management of our Italian Opera has invited Herr *Pischek* for a two months visit, in 1847; to perform in 'Don Giovanni,' 'Zampa,' and an Italian translation of Spohr's 'Faust.' How far the last will please the *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre, is a matter somewhat questionable;—but the prospect is one calculated to give the utmost satisfaction. The misgivings which we expressed, some weeks ago, respecting the merit of *Sig. Verdi's* 'Attila' have been more than justified by a perusal of some of the most taking *morceaux* which have reached England. They seem to us of a desperate inferiority. It is impossible, we think, that this composer's reputation can stand, even in Italy;—especially when, to utter absence of novelty in melody, is added the wear and tear of the singers made inevitable by his violent manner of writing.—We have not yet announced that Herr *Staudigl* is expected in England early in August—to bear a prominent part in the Birmingham Music.

A contemporary who writes like one well informed, announces that Lady *Bishop's* present visit to England is not professional. It is added, however, that she will pass the whole of the musical season of 1847 in London.—A whisper mentions the possibility of Miss *Bassano* appearing at Drury Lane in the coming autumn, or early winter.

Among the odd displacements which show how curiously "the times are out of joint," there are few odder than *Madame Albertazzi's* being allowed to take an engagement at the Surrey Theatre—the present *Arsace* of our Italian Opera considered! Let us hope that the gain to the many will be greater than the loss to the few. The lady is the best singer who has been heard in those parts. We will take this opportunity of saying a word or two on a subject, with regard to which much confusion of idea prevails in the artistic world. The cry of "*infra dig.*" has been raised, and some disgust expressed, against such first-class artists as consent to play for Monsieur *Julien* and sing for Mrs. *Davidge*. Now, with every desire to promote the dignity of Art and Artists, this seems to us as foolish as any other watch-word which *Bigotry* and *Self-interest* have raised in defence of their own privileges. If Herr *Pischek* were to condescend to study 'Coal black Rose,' to please his shilling audiences (as *Braham* would have done, when first tenor at our Theatre Royal),—if M. *Vieuxtemps* or M. *Sainton*, chose to get up a farm-yard on his violin, for the enchantment, by its cackling and crowing, of the swains and nymphs of "the Garden" (as *Paganini* did, for lords and ladies) then would be the time, and that the occasion, for reminding the Artist of his "dignity." Such, however, is not the case. The People can enjoy what is good of its kind. Royalty may patronize the wild beast shows, and offer, by its encouragement, a premium for the exhibition of human monstrosities—but the neighbours of the "Wells" go to see *Shakspeare*; Rank and Fashion run after the strange singers of bad music, whom a few pennyworths of blacking have converted into Ethiopian Serenaders;—but "the vulgar" crowd Exeter Hall to hear *Handel's* Oratorios, or madrigals and cathedral chants sung by Mr. *Hullah's* chorals. And though, doubtless, more of curiosity than of appreciation may have been, in the first instance, taken by the promenaders to the hearing of Beethoven's Symphonies,—or to attend on the legitimate wonders wrought by the great solo players,—it is our conviction that, so long as the Artist condescends to no tricks *ad captandum*—no tampering with his music—no adoption of what is mean and inferior, for the sake of his hearers,—he is promoting his art, by familiarizing the great public with his best efforts. It is "*infra dig.*" we hold, to play for the shabby Rich for compliments and promises of patronage—it is honourable and legitimate labour to speak to the larger and less courtly audiences, in the congregation whereof lies a promising feature of our times. There will be always a "Faculty" to judge, and a "Few" to reward the most refined order of talent,—let Mr. and Mrs. Bull and their "fine family of fourteen" become ever so familiar with good orchestras and great violinists; with our most beautiful *soprano* voice in Miss *Birch*—with the world's best baritone in Herr *Pischek*—or with the *contralto* who is too good for Her Majesty's Theatre, in *Madame Albertazzi*.

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